RADIO BOYS IN THE SECRET SERVICE

J. W. DUFFIELD

Radio Boys in the Secret Service

RADIO BOYS
IN THE
SECRET SERVICE
or,
Cast Away on an Iceberg

BY
J. W. DUFFIELD

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THE

RADIO BOYS SERIES

RADIO BOYS IN THE SECRET SERVICE; or, Cast Away on an Iceberg.

RADIO BOYS IN THE FLYING SERVICE; or, Held For Ransom by Mexican Bandits.

RADIO BOYS IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS; or, The Yankee-Canadian Wireless Trail.

RADIO BOYS UNDER THE SEA; or, The Hunt for Sunken Treasure.

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CHAPTER I

Wireless Twins

"Good-by and good luck, Guy," said Walter Burton as his twin brother, with small traveling bag in one hand and amber glasses protecting his supersensitive eyes, was about to step aboard a south-bound train at the Ferncliffe station one clear, crisp winter-end day. "Send me a wireless message from Europe, and I'll be listening in and catch it."

"I'd like to, Walt," was Guy's smiling answer; "but I'm afraid that would be extravagant. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. When we get to New York, I'll hunt up Vacuum Tube and send you a message from his station. You know he invited us to come and see him any time we were in New York."

"All right," agreed Walter. "When'll you send it?"

"At 4 o'clock to-morrow if he's home."

"Good. I'll watch for it. I'll call V T and tell'm you're coming. Good luck. Good-by."

This hearty exchange of parting cheer between the sturdy, bright-eyed Walter and his

equally sturdy, but "sick-eyed" brother was one incident in a general round of farewells that marked the departure of Guy Burton and his mother for England. Guy had been suffering several weeks with a severe infection of the eyes, resulting from the "flu," and it was decided to put him under the care of a London specialist as the most hopeful move for saving his sight.

A local physician advised that this be done, and the boy's father resolved to waste no time. Urgent business made it almost impossible for him accompany his son, and a family council resulted in the selection of Mrs. Burton as traveling companion for Guy.

During a period of more than two weeks the latter had been unable to endure the optical strain of light, and most of this time he remained indoors with his eyes bandaged. Meanwhile Walter did all he could to cheer his "blind" brother. He read to him a good deal and in other ways endeavored to make his own eyes do the work of four. Every day he led Guy to their attic "den" where one of their wireless sets was installed, and then he would proceed to the other radio station over their workshop, and in these positions they would send and receive radio messages, not only between themselves, but in

communication with other amateurs near and far away.

The Burton twins were 16 years old. Their father, active in two professions, banking and farming, was one of the leading business men in the New England community in which he lived, but he found time to excercise real interest in the sports and aspirations of his two sons. Both of the latter were mechanically inclined, and this inclination was encouraged by the busy business man in many practical ways.

Walter was ambitious to become an electrical engineer. There was hardly anything in popular electrical affairs that he did not know something about. It was he who first suggested that they take up the study of wireless and install radio instruments in their home. Guy's ambition was not so definitely formed as that of his brother, but his enthusiasm over the proposition was scarcely less than that of Walter. They had an ideal boys' workshop, which they built themselves, and on the roof of this 15x20 frame structure was a cupola-like inclosure, which they used as one of their wireless stations. The other, it has been noted, was in their attic den. The aerials over these two stations, by their conspicuous loftiness, advertised the brothers widely as the "wireless twins of Ferncliffe."

The workshop of the twins was equipped with an outfit of tools and machinery that might well arouse the wonder and admiration of any ambitious boy. The machinery consisted principally of turning lathe, scroll saw and drill, operated with belts, pulleys, shafts and electric motor. The boys not only planned and constructed their shop building, but they wired it electrically and installed and connected the machinery. And when completed, it proved to be no mere toy shop, but a very useful boy institution for repair and construction work about the Burton home.

The boys had received their wireless apparatus as Christmas presents a little more than a year before and immediately set them up. They learned the radio alphabet and soon were laboriously spelling out words to each other. In a few months they had acquired a considerable addition to their vocabulary and spoke of spark gaps, aerials, transformers, keys, helices, tuning coils, condensers, and detectors with something of the ready familiarity of old timers. They were especially elated when they found themselves catching signals from distant wireless operators. This became more and more frequent, as they lived on the coast and not a few passing ships were supplied with radio outfits.

The Burton home was a sort of country

seat near the outskirts of the city and was bordered on the east by half a mile of seashore. A small natural harbor added much to the curious interest of the surroundings, being sufficient to accommodate comfortably the 50-foot power yacht owned by Mr. Burton. This harbor was well sheltered by hilly projections, except at one point where the shore dropped down almost to the level of the sea and afforded a good landing place. Here a quay had been built for the yacht. So well protected with bluffs was the cove that the heaviest gales hardly rocked the little vessel in its mooring. Under the brow of the largest bluff had been constructed a pile-supported shed for sheltering the boat in winter.

Ferncliffe is a manufacturing and fishing seaboard town. Half a mile from the Burton home are the municipal docks, where fishing boats tie up and where steamers stop to receive or unload passengers and freight. In the summer months a considerable business of this kind is done.

The house in which the Burtons lived was a large, square, comfortable, white frame dwelling, rather southern in style. Mr. Burton had several men in his employ constantly. One of these was Det Teller, half-sailor, half-farmer, who had worked for the banker-farmer several years. Det was an interesting

character. He knew "everything and the whole world." He had been around the world twice as a seaman and was skilled in the tying of sailors knots and the weaving of sailors yarns.

His nickname was a "short" for Deuteronymy. Det's father had been very religious and had given bible names to all his children. The retired sailor was now fifty years old. Six years previously he had discovered in a servant of the Burton family a former girl schoolmate with whom he had been in love twenty-odd years before, and he married her and entered Mr. Burton's employ as farm foreman. A house was built especially for them on the premises.

Det was really a bright and valuable fellow. In six years he had learned "all about" his employer's business and could "run any branch of it except the bank." He was a short, long-armed, broad-sholdered, powerful man, whose natural alertness and jovial disposition seemed not to have been affected seriously by the burden of two score years and ten.

Mr. Burton had owned the yacht, Jetta, for two seasons. It had been named for the boys' five-year old sister. Det was mate and part of the crew of the vessel, and during the outing months of the year his capacity of

farm foreman was almost forgotten, or left in other hands. Originally intended only as a private pleasure craft, the Jetta, under the enterprising ambition of the "wireless twins," had become, in the last summer, a recognized excursion boat, identified inseparably with the outing happiness of many of the inhabitants of Ferncliffe and neighboring towns. Guy and Walter made up the complement of the crew and acted as joint skippers who usually followed the instructions of the mate. Mr Burton was merely owner and made no attempt to interfere with the management of the craft when aboard with the mate and one or both of the young captains.

On the morning when Guy and his mother boarded the train for New York city, another passenger of peculiar interest here bought a ticket for the same destination. He was a tall, thin, sharp-eyed, well dressed man, wearing a high-crowend derby hat and large angular trowel-shaped patent leather shoes. He had had business in Ferncliffe and stopped several days at the Chenoweth House, the best hotel of the place. On the day of his arrival he had read with interest the following local item in the Ferncliffe Gazette:

"H. G. Burton has decided to send his son Guy to London for treatment of his eyes. Guy and his mother will sail from New York in a

week. The boy's eyes will be treated by the famous Dr. Sprague."

The stranger had registered at the hotel as Stanley Picket of New York. He had planned to return home on the day when he read the above item, but the information it contained caused him to alter his plan. He remained in Ferncliffe until Mrs. Burton and Guy started for New York, when as we have seen, the train bore him also as a passenger.

Walter and Guy noticed the tall, well-dressed man on the platform before the train pulled in, little dreaming what an important part he was destined to play in their affairs within the next few months.

The boy with the amber glasses and his mother boarded the train and took possession of a seat. Soon afterward the tall man with the high-crowned derby and the trowel-shaped patent leathers sat down in the seat just behind them, and the train moved away from the depot.

CHAPTER II

On the Way to London

The trip to New York was begun early in the morning in order that they might reach their sailing point before dark. To Guy this part of the journey was monotonous, as he could not read and his mother advised him not to sit next to the window and look out, fearing lest the light injure his eyes, in spite of his amber glasses. The day was clear and bright, and the sun's rays were reflected glitteringly from the clean, white snow on the ground.

Guy and his mother would have been greatly astonished if they had known of the interest in them entertained by the man in the next seat behind. Several times on the way between Ferncliffe and Boston, Guy got up and moved about, and two or three times he casually observed the prepossessing stranger. But the latter seemed always to be buried in a newspaper or book and oblivious to all about him.

The truth, however, was that Mr. Pickett

took much more interest in the conversation of Mrs. Burton and her son than in his reading. While appearing to be reading most of the time, his occupation in this respect was largely a pretense, at least when the two in front of him spoke loudly enough for him to hear. Now and then he would turn a leaf for appearance sake, but not always did his eyes follow the printed line from one page to the next. However, his reading was not wholly affectation for occasionally he would turn back to pick up the thread of the narrative.

At Boston they changed cars, and again Mr. Pickett managed to get a seat immediately behind the two London-bound travelers. Once the amusing prattle of a baby a few seats back caused Guy to turn suddenly, and he was startled to observe the sharp eyes of the stranger staring at him with curious contemplation.

So deeply did the incident impress the boy that he turned again and looked at the man, but the latter was once more buried in his book. Guy then told himself that he must have misunderstood the gaze, that it probably was one of meditation or abstraction.

"Maybe he's some professor of anatomy trying to figure out the diameter of a bonehead," mused the boy. "I wonder who he is. It's funny he happened to get the seat just

behind us both times. Well, I'll remember him anyway if I ever see him again."

At New York Guy took a last curious look at the man with the high-crowned derby and then forgot him for the time being. The latter saw the boy and his mother enter a taxi and drive away, but he made no further attempt to watch their movements.

Mr. Pickett was a middle-aged bachelor living at a hotel near Central Park. Before starting for this place he ate supper at a restaurant. On arriving at the hotel he went direct to his room and wrote a letter, which he addressed to one A. Little in London. It was as follows:

"My dear Little.

"About the time this letter reaches you there will arrive in London a Mrs. H. G. Burton and her son, Guy. The kid is coming over to have his eyes treated. They'll probably remain several weeks and will then return to New York direct. They will stop at the Morley hotel. By the way, the kid is bugs over wireless telegraphy. That's his weakness. Maybe this will interest you professionally.

O. P. Q."

This letter was mailed as soon as finished, but another letter, written by another person, who had been secretly watching every move of Mr. Pickett, accompanied it in the same

mail across the Atlantic. It was addressed to one W. W. Watson in London.

A. Little received the Pickett letter and delivered it to one Christopher Gunseyt, who, in turn, delivered it to another, J. C. Smithers, a Bond street jeweler. Meanwhile Watson received the other letter and also got busy. He observed secretly the passing along of the Pickett letter from Little to Gunseyt and from Gunseyt to Smithers. Then, by a series of cleverly camouflaged moves, he managed to relieve Smithers of the mysterious missive in such manner that the latter never missed it.

In the meantime, Guy and his mother registered for rooms at a New York hotel. Their steamer would sail on the following day, and their order for tickets and staterooms on the liner had been placed through a local agent at Ferncliffe.

Mrs. Burton had a friend in the city whom she wished to see on the afternoon of the day following their arrival at New York, and Guy had promised to send his brother a wireless message at 4 p. m. In the morning he telephoned to his wireless acquaintance, "V T," whom, by the way, he had never met personally; indeed, he did not know "V T's" name. They had often exchanged greetings by wireless, but had never introduced themselves, except by their amateur radio calls. "V T" had,

however, given the Burton boys his telephone number and requested them to call him up when they came to New York.

As a result of Guy's telephone call, the latter received a visit from "V T" at the hotel. The New York amateur introduced himself as Harry Taylor.

"I'm glad to know your name," Guy remarked as they started for Harry's home, "my brother and I usually spoke of you as Vacuum Tube, but we'll be more respectful hereafter."

Guy was delighted with his "new-old acquaintance." He was with him most of the afternoon while his mother visited her friend. At 4 o'clock he called Walter and talked with the latter half an hour. Then he bade Harry good-by and returned to the hotel.

That evening Guy and his mother went aboard the liner. Early next morning the steamer floated from the harbor with the tide and stood out to sea.

Little of more than ordinary tourist's interest occurred in the course of the voyage, which was completed on schedule time, in spite of two days and one night of very rough weather. The first stop was at Queenstown. The steamer did not go up into Cork Harbor, but lay out in the offing, having signaled by wireless for a lighter. After disembarking a number of passengers and delivering and re-

ceiving several bags of mail, the liner continued on toward Fishguard and Liverpool.

The vessel finally anchored near the mouth of the River Mersey and the passengers were transferred to Liverpool by lighter. Their baggage was "examined" by inspectors in a most ridiculously indifferent manner, it seemed to Guy, and then they were hustled aboard a fast express train for London.

Talk about speed! The train, with its odd compartments and widely-separated coaches, flew over that 175 miles to the metropolis of the world in two-and-a-half hours.

"I can't see that we've got so much on the English," observed Guy as the train sped on like a Chicago–New York Century Flyer. "I don't see why we should call the English slow."

CHAPTER III

The Mysterious Man Again.

Walter Burton missed his brother for many reasons during the latter's absence. Guy was always a good companion. Out of school, Walter scarcely knew what to do with himself. Heretofore all his pleasures and all his labors had been shared by the other twin. They had always gone to school together, shoveled snow together, worked in the shop together, and studied wireless together.

In this occupation, or amusement, Walter was now almost lost. He called "V T" and informed the latter of Guy's plan and was waiting with receivers at his ears when his brother's call came from New York. But for several days thereafter he neglected his hobby entirely, not even caring to amuse himself by catching messages from any commercial or amateur source.

Nevertheless, Walter was deeply interested in everything wireless. The thrill and excitement of "talking" electric waves, impelled with air-splitting leaps of the current across

the spark-gap, had often enlivened his day-dreams with radio visions, and it was hardly to be expected that he would long remain idle, in view of the allurements and possibilities at hand.

A quarter of a mile from the Burton home lived another boy, Anthony Lane, who chummed a good deal with the "wireless twins." Anthony, or Tony, as he was familiarly called, was a poor boy, but this fact made no difference with Walter or Guy; "he was the right kind of stuff," and that was all they cared for. He was one of the best ball players at school, could row and swim like a sailor and a fish, and, although strong and clever, was never known to act the bully.

This boy had manifested a deep interest in wireless telegraphy as soon as he saw the apparatus of the Burton boys in operation. He learned the Morse alphabet and practiced on the instruments of his friends at their invitation. Up to the time when Guy left for Europe, however, he had not acquired much skill and was therefore unable to fill, in this respect, the vacancy left by the absent brother. But one day Walter said to his friend:

"Tony, do you want to learn wireless so well that no operator can dot-and-dash away from you?"

"You bet I do," was the other's reply. "I

often thought I would, but I couldn't afford to buy an outfit like yours."

"Then come over and live with me while Guy's gone. I'm awful lonesome."

"I'll see what ma says," answered Tony.

The result was as Walter suggested. Tony had a few chores to do home every evening, for his father owned several acres and kept a cow, pigs, and chickens. After this work was done, he was permitted to "go over to Walter's" and remain there until morning, when he must return and do chores again. Meanwhile he devoted all his spare moments to wireless practice, even when Walter was not at liberty to "talk" with him.

One afternoon as the boys were returning home from school discussing some newly-developed feature of interest in their hobby, the subject was suddenly changed by the appearance before them of one who has figured earlier in this narrative. He was the man with the tall derby hat and the trowel-shaped patent leathers.

"Did you notice that fellow?" Walter asked in a low tone as they passed the man of conspicuous foot and headgear.

"I saw him, but didn't have much to say to 'im," replied Tony, smiling at his friend's startled manner. "Who is he—a detective

lookin' for violators of the amateur wave-length law?"

"You're makin' fun o' me. But you won't be so gay when I tell you all about him."

"What is it?" asked Tony a little more seriously.

"You remember when Guy an' mother went away—you were at the depot; that man was there, too. Didn't you see 'im?"

"I don't know. What did he do?—steal a glass of buttermilk from the cowcatcher?"

"You won't take this seriously at all, Tony. But just wait till you come over to-night and I'll show you a letter from Guy that'll surprise you."

"What's it about?" asked Tony, his levity gone.

"Never mind now. You made fun o' me, and I'm going to keep you guessing awhile."

It was Guy's first long letter since leaving Ferncliffe that Walter showed to his friend that evening. The missive had arrived the day before and was postmarked London. It contained much detail concerning the voyage and the absent brother's first impressions of the city on the Thames.

After performing this traveler's duty, Guy became more personal and told of incidents more intimately affecting himself and his mother. He began this part of his letter with

an account of the peculiar actions of the man with the high-crowned derby and the trowel-shaped patent leathers, writing in part as follows:

"After we reached New York, we lost sight of him, and I forgot all about him for several days. But he came back to my mind on the ship, and I couldn't help thinking of his funny actions. I'm sure now that he was interested in what mother and I were talking about. I can't forget the way I caught him looking at me once when I turned around and faced him in the car. And it's mightly funny, too, his getting the seat just behind us on both trains. I can't believe it just happened that way, though I thought so at first."

"Now, what do you think?" asked Walter as his friend finished reading the letter.

"I don't know," replied the other dubiously. "Guy hasn't explained why this fellow should be so interested in him and your mother."

"He might 'a' been a pickpocket," suggested Walter.

"Yes, but he didn't get anything. And if he's a confidence man, he didn't try his game on them."

"No, he didn't," Walter admitted slowly.

"You'd better give it up," advised the wise-

headed Tony. "Even if the fellow was interested in Guy and your mother, it didn't amount to much. He didn't do anything, and they're a long way from him now."

"Oh, I was just worked up over the mystery," Walter assured his friend. "I wasn't afraid of anything serious."

The mystery, however, would not leave his mind, and he grew impatient because of the persistence with which it haunted him. Next afternoon as the boys were on their way home from school again, Guy called a halt in front of the Chenoweth House, saying:

"Wait here a minute, Tony. I want to see the hotel clerk."

Walter entered the hotel and was out of his friend's sight a few minutes. When he returned, he said:

"I guess there's nothing to it."

"Nothing to what?" inquired Tony.

"That man Guy wrote about. He's a traveling jewelry salesman. I thought he might be stopping here, and he was; but he's gone now."

"Were you thinking about him yet?" exclaimed Tony. "I told you there was nothing to it. What's 'is name?"

"Stanley Pickett."

"Forget 'im."

Walter did—for a few weeks.

CHAPTER IV

Seeing London in a Fog.

London!

Guy forgot all about his poor eyesight, except to regret occasionally that he was forced to take his first view of that great city through colored glasses. The Old World had been almost a mystic hemisphere to his mind from his earliest reading days. In his younger boyhood he had entertained some elusive and confusing ideas concerning persons and things far removed from his daily association. He had wondered if so great a man as the president of the United States were real flesh and blood, and even now he could not dismiss lightly some of his myth-fed mental pictures of Europe, as if the latter were located on a distant and doubtful-natured planet of another universe.

"Does the grass that grows over there look like the grass that grows on our lawn?" was the question that had come to him sometimes as he studied in school the history of the country over which hung the storied glamour

of King Arthur and Robin Hood. And when he for the first time got near enough to a patch of little green blades in London to pluck one and examine it, he felt a flush of confusion at the foolishness of the act.

Guy was impressed with the immensity of the city before they reached the railroad terminal, but that impression became a prolonged thrill of metropolitan wonder as he and his mother left the train and moved through the throng of many nationalities toward the long line of cabs waiting for passengers. Here he noticed a marked distinction between the old and new world. New York with its dash and go, its modern buildings and sunny people; London old and grim, brooding thru its veil of smoke and soot on its antiquated buildings and solemn people.

Their hotel they found to be a favorite stopping place for Americans and excellently located for visitors wishing to see the city. Guy and his mother were soon comfortably provided for and sought refreshments and rest after their journey's end.

On the following day they set out to meet the specialist, Dr. Sprague. They found him at one of the big hospitals of the city. He had been informed of their coming, but was unable to make an examination of the boy's eyes that

day. They had to be content with an appointment two days later.

Guy made friends rapidly wherever he went, and in London several such acquaintances contributed much to the interest of his visit. One of these was a clerk of the hotel, two years older than the young American. This clerk, whose name was Arthur Fletcher, made his friendship doubly acceptable to Guy by reason of his volunteered usefulness. He knew London like a book and was ever ready with his information when needed.

Occasionally Guy and Arthur would go out to see London by night. During these walks the former plied his English friend with questions so industriously that his own fund of information grew rapidly. The second of these occasions proved particularly memorable.

It was early March and pleasant weather when the fogs lifted or were blown away. London has little low temperature, even in the middle of winter, the most disagreable feature of the atmosphere being its heavy, smoke-laden mists. On the evening in question a thick fog had settled over the city, making it difficult for one to distinguish the features of another even under a street-light and at "how-de-do" proximity.

Guy still wore his amber glasses, which caused the vapor to look weird in lighted

places. He had been receiving daily treatments to strengthen his eyes, and it was uncertain as yet whether he would have to undergo an operation. Mrs. Burton would have protested against his going out in the fog, but the specialist had said that he need take no particular precautions, except that he must not read and he must not lose sleep.

"I'll show you London in a fog," said Artie, as he was familiarly known because of a constitutional suggestion of effeminacy in him. Nevertheless, in spite of this appearance, he was a vigorous youth.

"We won't see much London, I'm afraid," laughed Guy.

"We'll see London in its nightgown," said the clerk. "The city looks like a ghost now. An' there's some ghostly things goin' on in this village, you can bet safe."

It was like wading in thin water over-head deep—this is what it was in fact. In ten minutes Guy had lost all reckoning of the points of the compass.

"We're goin'to have some fun to-night," said Artie as he stepped along briskly. "We'll get over on some o' the quieter streets an' see what we find there."

"What do you mean?" inquired Guy.

"Do you know where we are right now?" asked Artie evasively.

"Why, no, not exactly."

"What direction are we from Trafalgar square?"

"East, aren't we?"

"You're wrong. You're lost."

"I guess I am," admitted Guy with a laugh.

"That's what I brought you out for—to get you lost," Artie announced gayly. "It's part o' seein' London in a fog. We're on Shaftsbury avenue, going towards Piccadilly. I'll get you lost again in a minute."

Suddenly Guy saw the waving of a light before them like the swath of a scythe in a hay field. It swung across their path.

"What's that?" asked the young American.

"That's a 'bobby'," replied the clerk.

"A 'bobby'?"

"Yes—a policeman. You call 'em 'cops in New York. He's lookin' for strangers in the fog and steerin' 'em clear o' the rocks."

They continued to "wade" through the mist several squares, passing two other "bobbies" on the way. Meanwhile Guy found himself wondering what would be the next number on the program.

"I wonder if its going to be like hazing freshmen," he mused. "If it is, I'll take my medicine withou a squirm. It'll be all right, jus' so he doesn't walk me into the Thames."

There were a good many pedestrians moving up and down Charing Cross road. They seemed not to be inconvenienced by the fog, passing one another like fish in water. Guy could not see them, but he could hear their footsteps, which seemed firm and unhesitating, and he heard no collisions or evidences of such.

"How does it happen that nobody runs into anybody else?" inquired the young American as he walked along with one hand on his companion's arm.

"Oh, everbody's used to it," replied Artie with an air of experience. "I can dodge an express train if I don't see it till it's two feet away."

"You're very clever," assured Guy with laughing sarcasm. "But suppose the fellow comin' your way is a green one, like me—what then?"

"I've got to be smart enough for both. There—see? If that guy hadn't known 'is business, you'd both had your headligthts pushed in."

The American youth's awkwardness produced a choleric grunt from a portly individual who proved to be surprisingly agile. Artie caught his companion by the sleeve and jerked

him aside. The pass was effected without a touch.

"You'll learn how to do it after a few more narrow escapes," assured the hotel clerk. "Take this advice—never get excited and always turn to the left."

"To the left?"

"Yes, haven't you noticed? Everybody takes the left side of the sidewalk here, and the drivers take the left side of the street."

"I thought there was something funny, but I didn't figure out what it was," laughed Guy. "This is where everybody stands on his head, isn't it?"

"If it is, we hop along on our hair pretty well, don't we? You know the man 'at uses his head to get along in the world, gets along a lot better."

"Don't people who live here ever get lost in the fog?"

"No, that's another case of usin' our head, or part of it. We smell directions here. Didn't you ever hear that an Englishman can make his nose work farther than any other nationality on earth?"

Presently they turned into a cross street, where they did not meet so many people. They advanced one square and a half; then suddenly Artie called a halt.

"Stan' still an' keep quiet," he whispered,

gripping Guy's arm warningly. Don't make a sound."

"What's the matter?" asked the other boy, also in a whisper.

"There's trouble ahead. Listen."

Both were silent for some moments, during which they heard voices seemingly not more than twenty feet ahead. One was a gruff, heavy voice and was giving orders. The other vibrated in trembling, whining tones, begging for mercy.

"Don't take my money, don't take my money," it pleaded. "It's all I've got in the world, and I'll starve."

"Oh, stow that," was the merciless answer. "You've got plenty where that come from, you old miser. Move out in the middle of the street an' don't make another sound or—"

The rest of the sentence, presumably expressing a threat, was inaudible to the boys. Guy's sympathy was aroused at once.

"We ought to help 'im," he suggested.

"We're not goig to get mixed up in it," replied Artie. "Leave it to me."

The victim seemed cowed into silence, for he ceased his whimpering. As the highwayman drove him out of the way of pedestrians, their footsteps could be heard on the pavement.

"Run, pal! The bobbies is comin'."

This cry of warning came from Artie and was intended evidently for the hold-up man. The ruse was successful, for, with an oath, the footpad dashed away, his rapidly pattering shoes on the pavement giving evidence of his panic.

"That's the way to handle a case o' that kind, an' you don't get into trouble," said Artie wisely.

"We'll be held up next," warned Guy, as they continued on their way, leaving the "miser" to take care of himself.

"Not much chance," was the clerk's reply. "They don't stop two together, especially boys who ain't supposed to carry a lot o' money anyway."

But Artie's confidence proved unwarranted. After the boys had proceeded two blocks farther, a man suddenly stepped up and covered them with a pistol, commanding gruffly:

"Quick, now, out in the street! I'll shoot if you make a sound."

CHAPTER V.

Highwayman No. 2 and Mr. Smithers.

There was nothing for Guy and Artie to do but obey. The highwayman spoke and acted as if he meant business. He flashed a strong pocket electric light, illuminating the fog around them. The muzzle of the pistol had an ominous appearance, and the better part of valor seemed to be caution. The fellow was of medium height and build, and his voice was one of the strangest Guy had ever heard. Later Artie described it as a "combination of a squeak and a roar." At first Guy believed this footpad to be the one whom Artie had frightened a few minutes before, but the difference in their voices convinced him otherwise.

"Perhaps they're working together," he concluded.

"We'll go," said Artie with surprising coolness, in response to the highwayman's command, as he stepped from the sidewalk to the pavement. "Come on, Guy."

The latter followed, and presently the man ordered them to halt.

"Now, spill out," he commanded, still cov-

ering them with the light and the pistol. "Turn all your pockets inside out."

But the "honk" of a horn was now heard a short distance away. A motor car was approaching.

"Get over to this side till it passes," was the highwayman's next instruction.

They obeyed, and the motor went slowly by. Guy would have called for help, but the weapon warned him to keep silence. Presently the boys were ordered back into the middle of the street.

"Now," continued the man, whose face could not be seen clearly because it was behind the light; "out with your valu'bles. Jus' drop 'em on the pavement an' move on. It won't hurt me to pick 'em up. Any gentleman ought to be willin' to bend 'is aristycratic back once in a while, you know."

"You'd be a heap better off if you'd bend your back with a pick an' shovel," retorted Artie boldly.

"Shut your trap, sissy," the highwayman ordered. "You don't look as if you ever overworked a muscle, 'cept your tongue. You better glue that up ag'in the roof o' your mouth when you're in the presence of gentlemen o' my class—you might get into trouble. But I ain't got no more time to waste. Pull your coats off first an' drop 'em. I won't take 'em away, and if you come back here in the morning, you may find 'em ag'in."

Guy wondered at the term "sissy" applied to his companion. It was not light enough for the highwayman to distinguish the effeminate features of the hotel clerk, and the latter's voice was not girlish.

"I haven't got any money," declared Artie as he took off his coat and dropped it to the pavement.

"No, I don't suppose you have," the footpad replied; "but I don't want to miss any chances. You might have a'tuppence' sewed up in the lining o' yo'r wais'co't, you know. Now, off with that, too."

Meanwhile Guy had been on the alert for a favorable opportunity to make a dash away in the fog, but the highwayman was watchful. Neither of the boys had enough valuables on his person to make it worth while to risk the boring of a bullet through him in order to save them.

But suddenly there was an interruption to proceedings. Without the least warning, a hand shot out in the fog, grasped the wrist of the hand that held the pistol, and in a twinkling the weapon was wrested away.

"Help, lads! Get 'im by the legs!"

This instruction came from the rescuer sharply and vigorously. Both boys sprang forward to obey, but they were too late. The highwayman broke loose and disappeared in the darkness.

"Blast the luck!" exclaimed the new ar-

rival, picking himself up from the pavement where he had fallen in the scuffle. "He was too slippery for me. But my jiu-jitsu training came in good anyway," he added as he reached for the highwayman's pistol, which he had dropped.

"It's funny that gun didn't go off when it fell," said Artie.

"It's too bad you didn't keep it in your hand when you took it away from him," said Guy regretfully. "You could 'ave turned it on 'im, and he wouldn't 'a' dared to run."

"I didn't want to shoot 'im," replied the rescuer. "I wouldn't like to go through life without the consciousness of having killed a man."

"Well, he ought to have a bullet in his leg anyhow," declared Artie. "I don't believe in letting such fellows get off scot free."

"I'm satisfied as it is," volunteered Guy, who was not of a vindictive nature. "He got a good scare an' no money. But we haven't thanked this gentleman for what he did."

"Give me a swift kick, will you, Guy?" exclaimed Artie in disgust. "I'm ashamed o' myself. You'll go back to America convinced that we English are just as slow as they say we are."

"No danger of that," assured Guy "You've shown me a pretty lively time tonight. Is

this what you meant by seeing London in a fog?"

"Not exactly, though I expected something to happen to show you what a fog means to us."

"That's when most of our hold-ups occur—in a fog," explained the rescuer. "A highwayman is safer in one of our fogs than he would be in your Rocky Mountains. But I must be moving along."

"We wish to thank you for rescuing us Mister—! May we ask your name?"

"Smithers—J. C. Smithers. I'm living at the Morley hotel."

"Why, that's where we're stopping—I mean I am. My friend here works there."

"Is that so?" returned Smithers in tone of surprise. "I'm pleased to hear it. Where were you bound for?"

"Nowhere in particular," replied Artie. "We were jus' takin' a walk."

"Seein' London in a fog, eh? So was I—taking a constitutional. But I guess I've had enough and will go back. Come in and see me any time—tomorrow evening if you will."

"We surely will," promised Guy. "We're not likely to forget very soon what you did for us."

"Oh, that's nothing," assured Smithers modestly. "It was easy to do. I had all the

advantage. By the way, you haven't told me your names yet."

"Beg your pardon," said Artie. "This is Guy Burton. He's from the United States. My name is Arthur Fletcher. I'm a clerk at the Morley. I think I remember you. You came to the hotel yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, you've got a good memory."

The boys decided they had seen enough of London in a fog for one evening and returned with Smithers to the hotel. As they were about to separate in the lobby, their new acquaintance repeated his invitation to them to call at his room the following evening.

Guy said nothing about his adventure to his mother that night. He decided that it would make her nervous and that it would be better to tell his story in the morning. But at the breakfast table, where he related his experience, he found his mother possessed of more nerve than he expected. To be sure, she was startled, but as her son had suffered no physical injury, she took the matter cooly and advised him to go out no more on foggy nights.

That evening Guy and Artie called at the room of Smithers. The latter proved to be a striking combination of shrewdness, smiles and nervous alertness. He was rather stout and his eyes were small, black and keen. He

received the boys with a warm welcome, unnecessarily warm, it seemed to Guy.

"Awfully glad to see you lads," he said, seizing them in turn by the hand. "Come right in an' make yourselves at home."

"Making themselves at home" consisted of taking seats offered by Smithers, who produced a box of cigars and invited his guests to help themselves. The latter, however, not being addicted to the habit, declined.

"Wise lads, very wise," declared the host warmly. "Nearly everybody smokes, but nearly everybody is foolish, too. My only regret is that I must smoke alone tonight."

"I use' to smoke, but my doctor told me I mus' quit," explained Artie. He said it was likely to give me a London fog on the brain."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Smithers. "That's a good one. I suppose he was afraid if you got fog on the brain, you might be held up."

"Yes, he was afraid my business ability would be held up."

"Good! Excellent! There's a great lesson for smokers in that. Isn't it so, Mr. Burton? I haven't a doubt I'd be a millionaire if I hadn't been addicted to the weed. I had excellent natural business ability. As it is, I'm only moderately well-to-do. What are your views on the subject, Mr. Burton?"

"I'm in a funny position on the subject of

smoking," said Guy. "I don't believe it's good for a fellow, and yet, I can't believe it puts a London fog in everybody's brain an' holds up his business ability. My father smokes, and they say he's the best business man in Ferncliffe."

"Mebby he'd be another Baron Rothschild if he didn't smoke," suggested Artie.

"Didn't Rothschild smoke?—an', supposing he did, what'u'd he 'a' been if he hadn't?" was Guy's logical inquiry.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Smithers again. "Great idea, Burton."

"If Rothschild did smoke, he might 'a' owned half o' England by quittin' before he began," declared Artie sophistically.

"Desist, lads, desist," implored Smithers with mock concern. "If you produce any more such stunning logic, I won't be able to sleep any more until I've sworn off smoking. And I don't want to do that. It's the chief care-killer of a bachelor."

"Are you a bachelor?" inquired Artie, somewhat embarrassed.

"Dear me, yes. Don't these quarters look like it—eh, Burton?"

"Then you live in London?" Artie continued.

"Certainly—I'm in business here," looking at Guy as he spoke.

Smithers apparently did his best to make the evening pleasant for the boys, but he seemed to be much more interested in Guy than he was in Artie. In fact Guy told himself that the way in which the man ignored the hotel clerk at times was extremely uncivil. They discussed the holdup of the night before, and the rescuer produced the weapon he had taken from the highwayman. This proved to be an old-fashioned thumb-cock, with a five-chamber cylinder.

"Why didn't it go off when it dropped on the pavement?" asked Guy.

"It was only half-cocked an' couldn't," replied the host.

"He's a funny highwayman," declared Artie. "He must 'a' wanted to get caught."

"Maybe he had a tender conscience and was afraid he might shoot by accident—eh, Burton?" suggested Smithers with a smile.

As the boys were about to leave, the man extended to them a warm invitation to call again any time he was in. Guy, however, felt embarrassed because the hospitality seemed to be directed principally at him.

"He's a fine man, isn't he?" observed Artie as they waited for an elevator.

"Seems to be all right," answered Guy.

"Seems to be?" exclaimed Artie reproachfully. "It's funny you're so cool about it when

he's so much interested in you. You're the one he wants to call again."

"That's just what I don't like about it. He's a nice fellow and all that; but it isn't very polite for a host to give all his attention to one when two invited callers are present."

"You're a queer one!" exclaimed Artie. "That didn't bother me any. You're a rich man's son, an' I'm only a hotel clerk. That's the reason he was more interested in you."

It was Guy's turn to be astonished. He had not thought of this aspect of the affair.

"I'm surprised at you," he said reproachfully. "I don't believe he thought of such a thing. If he did, I haven't any use for 'im."

CHAPTER VI

Artie's "Failure" as a Detective

Smithers did not allow his acquaintance with Guy Burton to wax cold during the latter's stay in London. He was diligent in his efforts to make himself agreeable to the young American. Guy learned from incidental sources that the man was proprietor of a jewelry store in Bond street and was credited with doing a large business. Bond street is the center of the retail jewelry trade in London and has many fine stores.

This jeweler, owned a motor car and passed much of his leisure time wearing out tires and pavements. On the Saturday afternoon following the adventure with the highwayman in the fog, he asked Guy to take a spin with him, and the invitation was accepted. They got an early start and bowled over the boulevards to the southwest, passing through Batterson Park and Wimbledon Park east to Bromley, and back to Trafalgar Square by way of Greenwich. The car was a low, torpedo-shaped machine, which skimmed along

the ground as if racing to the destruction of a foreign fleet. The owner took much delight in the "dangerous" appearance of his "Shark," as he named the car.

"This is my hobby," he remarked as they spun along at a rate that caused Guy to fear they would be arrested for speeding. "Every Englishman has a hobby, you know."

"I thought most Englishmen's hobby was riding horses," replied Guy. "I was a little surprised to find the automobiles crowding the horses off the earth here just the same as in the United States."

"Sure they are. Before long there won't be any horses in London at all."

"Will Englishmen hunt foxes in automobiles?" asked Guy with seeming innocence.

"Hardly," laughed Smithers. "There'll always be horses for the sportsmen. But as a useful animal, the horse has seen his best days here. By the way, have you got a hobby? I suppose if you have, it's a wild one, since you live in an Indian country," he added with a twinkle.

"Not so very," assured Guy. "But I've a sort of a hobby that's full of thrills."

"I thought so. What is it?"

"Wireless Telegraphy."

"Good! Got an outfit?"

"Yes, two of 'em—my brother and I have.

We're gettin' to be experts. My brother's better'n I am. We got interested in wireless during the war, reading about how amateurs helped the government spot wireless spies."

Smithers listened eagerly to Guy's statement and asked him a good many questions. The latter was an enthusiast and was glad to keep the discussion going as long as his companion did not appear to be bored.

"How're you getting along with your doctor?" inquired the man finally after they had exhausted the wireless subject.

"Fine. I won't have to have an operation. Dr. Sprague has done some great work on my eyes."

"I congratulate you. How long do you expect to remain in London yet?"

"Two or three weeks."

"Going back to New York direct?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know but you'd travel on the continent before returning."

"No, we didn't come prepared for that. Besides, mother's in a hurry to get back. She'd like to visit some of the war scenes, but she'd want the whole family along."

"How many in your family?"

"Five—two boys, a girl, and father an' mother."

It was seven o'clock when they reached the

hotel again, and both were hungry. Mrs. Burton had already dined and Smithers insisted on Guy's eating with him. As they left the dining room they met Artie Fletcher in the lobby, where they passed the time of day (or night), and then the jeweler left the boys together and went to his room.

Guy told his friend about his drive with Smithers and remarked that he wished Artie might have accompanied them. But the young clerk had a story to tell of an interesting experience of his own that afternoon.

"I'm glad I didn't go," he said. "Anyway, I had to work an' couldn't. But you can't guess who I saw today."

"I give up. Who was it?"

"Mr. Highwayman of the mysterious mist."

"What!"

"That polite gentleman who shoved a gun in our faces and asked for our bonds an' mortgages."

"You don't say!"

Artie laughed.

"I knew you'd be excited," he said.

"How do you know who it was?" asked Guy incredulously. "We couldn't see 'is face in the fog."

"I recognized 'is voice."

"Is that all?"

"No, but that's enough. Two men never had his voice—a combination of a squeak and a roar. You couldn't miss it among a million."

"I remember it all right," said Guy. "But that isn't proof enough. You couldn't have 'im arrested on that."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of having 'im arrested. He didn't get anything from us. I only had some fun with 'im."

"How? What kind o' looking fellow was he?"

"That's the funny part about 'im. He looks like a gentleman—prosperous. Quite dignified; wears fine clothes, a diamond ring and a dandy solitaire stud."

"Where'd you see 'im?"

"At the desk. He came in an' asked for—who'd you think he asked for?—Guess."

"Me," laughed Guy.

"No, you're not important enough. Guess again."

"Mr. Smithers?"

"Right."

"You don't say! What'd he want to see him for?"

"I don't know. But I made use of a guess to have some fun."

"What was it?"

"That he wanted to get 'is revolver back.

I might 'a' lost my job if I hadn't been mighty careful."

"What'd you do?"

"When he came to the desk and asked for Smithers, I was sure who he was right away. If I'd stopped to think, I might not 'a' been so sure, and I'm glad now I didn't stop."

"What did you do?" repeated Guy impatiently.

"I leaned over—this way—so my face almost touched his, and said: 'Say, mister, did you lose a revolver in the fog the other night?"

"What did he do?"

"I thought he was going to drop," replied Artie with a smart air. "I jumped back quick so 't could look at 'im, an' 'is face got as pale as a corpse. He spit out a few noises, an' then sputtered:

" 'Did I lose a revolver in the fog? What makes you ask that question?' "

"I was just wondering if you owned the one Mr. Smithers found," I replied.

"He was cool now and got his color back.

" 'Did Smithers find a gun?' he asked; and I told him to ask Smithers when he saw 'im."

"Wha' 'd he say?" inquired Guy, as Artie paused in his narrative.

"He said he would, but he denied he'd lost a gun. Smithers wasn't in, so he said he'd

come back again and went away."

"You're sure he's the highwayman?"

"You've got all the evidence I have. What do you think about it?"

"It looks funny. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nothing I guess. Let's go an' see Smithers."

"All right, if it isn't too late."

"It's only twenty minutes to nine. He won't go to bed for an hour yet."

They found Smithers in his room reading a newspaper. He seemed delighted, as usual, to see them, calling out heartily:

"Come in, lads, an' make yourselves at home. I tell you an old bachelor like me gets mighty lonesome sometimes. Think I'll get married or adopt a family. What's on your mind?"

"We've got some important news for you —that is, Artie has," said Guy. "That's why we called so late—thought you'd like to know it. He saw the man to-day who tried to hold us up."

"What!"

There could be no doubt that Smithers was interested. He exhibited more astonishment than Guy had shown at Artie's information; he sprang to his feet, then sank back into his seat and broke into a laugh.

"You don't mean he tried to hold you up again?" he inquired, turning to Artie.

"No," was the clerk's smiling answer. "He wanted his gun back, I suppose."

"His gun back?"

"Yes, he came to the desk and asked for you."

"Asked for me!"

"Yes."

"How could he know I had 'is gun?"

"I told 'im."

"Oh, but I don't understand. How'd you know he was the highwayman? Did he tell you so?"

"Hardly. He only said he wanted to see you, and—"

"Before or after you told 'im I'd found a gun?"

"Before."

"But how'd he know me?" asked Smithers with a seemingly puzzled air.

"I don't know," replied Artie. "That's what mystifies us."

"How'd you know who he was?"

"I recognized 'is voice."

"Oh," responded Smithers meditatively. Then turning to Guy he added:

"Your friend is very expert in the identification of voices. He ought to belong to Scotland Yard. Are you as clever in that

line?"

"No, I'm sure I couldn't do as well as he did," replied Guy. "I couldn't say positively I'd never heard a voice like the highwayman's. I think Artie's got sharper ears 'n I have."

"You didn't tell 'im you recognized 'im as the highwayman, did you?" asked Smithers, addressing the clerk.

"Oh, no," replied the latter with a wise blink. "I only asked 'im if he'd lost a revolver in the fog, an' told 'im you found one."

"But I didn't."

"Well, you picked it up after it was dropped, so I didn't tell such an awful big fib."

"Wha' 'd he say?"

"He said it wasn't his an' walked out."

"So you believe he was the highwayman, do you?" asked the jeweler with a look of amusement.

"He must 'a' been."

"Suppose you should find out he's a good friend o' mine—what then?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Artie. "I didn't think o' that. Is he?"

"I didn't say he was—I don't know," laughed Smithers. "But your suspicion is so very improbable, I wanted to find out how certain you were of your evidence. I'm pretty well acquainted at Scotland Yard an' happen

to know they're looking for keen, shrewd men all the time. I was going to recommend you for a job over there, but I'm afraid I can't now. If my suggestion that this fellow might be a friend o' mine hadn't weakened you so, I'd take you over and have 'em give you a trial; but, as it is, I'm afraid you're only a dreamer. A sharp rascal could bluff you too easy."

Artie's face showed evidence of his disappointment. He really had entertained fond ambition of becoming a detective, but now it seemed that all such hope must be cast aside. He had a serious weakness: He wasn't sure of himself.

"Have you got a friend with a voice like this man's?" inquired Artie with a suggestion of unsteadiness in his utterance and realizing as he spoke that he was continuing the weakness of which he had been accused.

"I don't know what kind o' voice he's got," replied Smithers sharply; "but that doesn't make any difference. If your detective sense were of high order, you wouldn't hesitate to make a positive charge against him even though you knew him to be my brother. I'm very sorry, my boy, for I was beginning to think I'd discovered a genius in you."

"I'll think it over an' tell you to-morrow how certain I am," announced Artie in as

business-like manner as he could command. Then he arose from his chair and moved toward the door, fingering the hem of his coat nervously.

"Oh, my! no; that wouldn't do any good," advised Smithers, also rising. "The great secret of a successful life as a detective,"—speaking very impressively—"rests in knowing a thing beyond a doubt and of knowing immediately that you know it. Come an' see me anytime—you're always welcome—but forget that detective business. You're a fine fellow, but as a sleuth I'm afraid you'd prove to be a false alarm.'

CHAPTER VII

"Wireless Shoes"

Two more weeks elapsed, and Guy was authorized by the specialist to "throw away" his glasses. This he did joyfully, for now he would be able to see something of London in its natural colors. He had heard much of the great city's buildings, black from the smoke-laden fog, but was now pleased to find that they were not nearly so unsightly as they had been described to him.

His association with Smithers continued with more or less intimacy up to the time of the departure for Loverpool to take passage for America. The man persisted in making himself agreeable in a sort of inconsequential manner, and the boy could see no reason for repelling his friendly advances, inasmuch as they seemed to be genuine. Indeed, the Bond street jeweler was cunningly skilled in the art of affability and could, on occasion, advance his purpose by making himself useful as well as entertaining.

On the last Saturday of Guy's sojourn in

London, Smithers invited him to take another motor ride, this time through other parts of the city and adjoining suburbs. As they were spinning back toward the hotel in the evening, the conversation turned upon Guy's expected departure for America a few days later.

"What day are you going to leave?" asked the jewel merchant, introducing the subject.

"Wednesday," Guy replied.

"Well, I'm sorry you're going, but glad your eyes are all right. Hope you come back some time again. When you do, look me up, and I'll be at your service. I'm a lonesome fellow when alone and like to pick up folks and give 'em a good time."

"I've appreciated your kindness," the boy responded warmly. "I wish I could return the favor."

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing at all. You're perfectly welcome. I took a personal pleasure in doing it. But, by the way, you can do me a favor if you will. Maybe you'll be a little interested in the idea, too, as it has a kind of affinity for your hobby. I have a friend in New York who is troubled with rheumatism in the feet, and I want to send him a pair of wireless shoes."

"Wireless shoes!" exclaimed Guy. "That's a new one on me."

"It will be a new one on my friend, too,"

declared Smithers with an eager twinkle in his eyes. "But seriously, it's a very good thing, and I want my friend to get the benefit of it without having to wait until we've protected all our rights with patents.

"Why don't you express them to your friend right from here?" asked Guy.

"That's just the point that I want you to help me get around. I'm afraid to put a pair of those shoes in the hands of anybody here in England. I know we're being watched by persons who wouldn't hesitate to steal the idea from us. You see, the revenue officers make a close inspection of all such shipments, and I'm afraid they'd ask embarrassing questions if I tried to send the shoes as you suggest. There's no telling what might happen, for the persons who are watching us have good government connections. The best way to get around this danger, it seems to me, is to have some trustworthy person take the shoes to America and there express them to my friend. There'd be no revenue charge on a personal item of that kind."

"That's very interesting," said Guy; "and I'll be glad to do anything I can to help you get the shoes to your friend. But aren't you putting too much confidence in me? I might make a blunder of some kind that would give your secret away."

"I'm not afraid of that," assured Smithers. "The only way you could do me any harm is by purposely betraying me, and I'll risk that without any fear whatever. Of course, if it would inconvenience you any—"

"No inconvenience at all," interrupted Guy reassuringly. "You can depend on me to take care of the matter without fail. But I admit I'm curious to know why you call them wireless shoes."

"Because they are strictly wireless shoes, operating on the same principle as wireless telegraphy."

"You don't say. But, understand, I'm not asking you to reveal your secret to me. Of course, you wouldn't do it if I asked you to."

"No, not all of it," Smithers replied. "But I'm glad to tell you this much: Inside the heels are small induction coils. The antenna consists of a wire belt with fine flexible wires running down inside the trouser legs and coupling with wire posts at the tops of the shoes. This antenna is sensitive to wireless waves constantly pulsating in the ether. When the connections are complete, the induction coil is thrown into action by the wireless waves received, and a condition of electro-magnetism is produced. One necessary connection is made by pressing the bare sole of the foot against two electrodes on the inner side of the

sole of each shoe, so that each foot gets the benefit of the wireless waves and the electric reaction. That sounds like the whole secret, doesn't it, but there's another important element I'm holding back."

"The idea's clever," said the boy with a smile of amused interest. "I'll be glad to take a pair and express them to your friend in New York, and I hope they'll cure his rheumatism."

And so when Guy and his mother started for Liverpool, the former had in his trunk a box containing a pair of seemingly ordinary, well made shoes and a detached arrangement of insulated wires and belt antenna. On a card in his purse, he had also, as a memorandum, the name and New York address of Stanley Pickett, to whom Smithers had requested him to express the shoes.

Guy was especially sorry to part with Artie Fletcher. It seemed like saying good-by to a chum of years. Of course, they agreed to write to each other, and Artie promised to be careful when out in the fog and to inform Guy if he saw or heard anything more of the highwayman of the "funny voice."

The liner, Herculanea, on which Mrs. Burton and her son took passage at Liverpool was larger than the one on which they had made their first voyage, affording a greater variety of service, convenience, and entertainment.

Guy found a new general pleasure on this trip, in that he was permitted to view things without colored glasses. It seemed almost like traveling on a new sea, in a new world, among a new kind of people and on a new kind of ship.

On the first day out, a chance incident caused him to make the acquaintance of the second mate, and in the conversation that followed, Guy disclosed his interest in wireless telegraphy. The officer was sociable and obliging and introduced the boy to the operator in the radio house near the bridge. The latter, too, proved to be a good-natured fellow, although perpetually busy, and allowed the "radio boy" to listen in several times.

Guy made another acquaintance also while the steamer was passing from Liverpool to Queensland. It was with a man who occupied a stateroom next to his. This passenger was a very talkative fellow, with a peculiar knack of seeming to say a good deal every time he spoke. He was straight-built, of medium height and weight, wore a mustache and goatee, and bore himself with the manner of one subconsciously wise. Guy was well impressed with him at first because he was lively and interesting.

"I dropped a bunch of keys somewhere around here," were the words with which this

passenger first addressed himself to Burton. The latter had just come out of his stateroom and was moving toward the stairway to join his mother on the promenade when "the man next door" spoke to him.

"I didn't see them," Guy replied, delaying just long enough to be courteous and then moving on.

He reached the promenade and found his mother where he had left her, one of a group of some twenty passengers, all watching the shifting scene between them and the English shore. The steamer was plowing through St. George's channel, and the dominant feature of the scene consisted of vessels of all sorts, big and small, and seemingly without number.

A few minutes later the stateroom neighbor of the Burton's approached and took a seat near the boy. The latter did not observe him at once, but when he did, the man greeted him with a careless smile that inspired confidence and familiarity:

"Did you find your keys?" inquired Guy.

"Yes, thank you," was the reply. "I'd dropped 'em in my stateroom."

"You're lucky.'

"You're right, I'm lucky. I'd 'ave missed a very important wireless message if I hadn't found that key."

"Is that so!" Guy returned with puzzled

curiosity. "You interest me, for I have a wireless outfit at home and I can't see how the loss of a key could 'ave caused you to miss a wireless message."

"Oh," replied the strange fellow; "that's easily explained. You see I'm on a business trip to America, and the business success of myself and my partner depends to a considerable extent on the schemes we resort to for the sake of economy. Now, it's important that I receive a telegram from my partner every day, but not important that I should answer those telegrams. So I've provided myself with a wireless receiving set, and every day at an agreed time I am at my station to get his message. I just got to-day's message which I'd 'ave missed if I hadn't been able to find my keys."

"Do you mean that you have an indoor receiving outfit set up in your stateroom?" Guy demanded in astonishment.

"That's exactly what I do mean," replied the "radio man."

"You don't mean to say that you expect to receive messages from England with an indoor set all the way across the Atlantic ocean," Guy continued with increasing wonder.

"I certainly do," was the others reply. "I've done it many times on trips to America. But of course there are not many receiving sets

like mine. It's almost an invention in itself. My partner was with the British signal serviec in France, and he had a good deal of experienc with V-shaped antennae on scouting automobiles for locating German wireless stations. Connected with those antennae were loading coils, sufficient to give very small antennae the receiving range of aerials a hundred feet long or more."

"Excuse my inquisitiveness," said Guy, "but do you maintain a sending station in England? I don't see where the economy comes in."

"Very simply matter," answered the "radio man," "we have a secret ally who is an operator for a certain mercantile station. He sends the messages to me in secret code. I always know his wave length and never miss."

"That's interesting," Guy remarked at the close of this explanation, but the tone of his voice did not indicate much enthusiasm. He felt considerable doubt as to the propriety of the method employed by Gunseyt and his partner in getting free trans-Atlantic wireless service.

"Come in and look my set over any time," said the radio trickster. "Here's my card. May I have the pleasure of knowing your name?"

"Guy Burton," answered the boy, glancing

at the card on which was printed the name Christopher Gunseyt and the address London. "This is my mother, Mr. Gunseyt," he added; for Mrs Burton had been an attentive listener to the conversation.

CHAPTER VIII

A Suspicious Intruder.

Guy made mental note of one peculiarity in Mr. Gunseyt; the tone of his voice was slightly strained, and the fluency of his speech seemed to have been accomplished after long practiced effort to overcome a difficulty of some kind. The boy was unable to explain this to his own satisfaction. He could not convince himself that it was due entirely to a natural impediment or physical defect.

In the afternoon Guy made the acquaintance of an interesting, tall, square-built, large featured man in the gymnasium. The latter introduced himself as Henry Watson of Cincinnati. They played handball together for more than an hour.

"I was sitting a few feet away from you and that fellow Guseyt while you were talking wireless with him," Watson remarked during one of their resting periods. "He had quite a stunning story to tell, didn't he?"

"Yes, he had," Guy agreed. "I'm going in

and have a look at his outfit the first opportunity."

"Did he tell you what business he's in?" asked Watson.

"No, he didn't; I felt like asking him, but checked my curiosity."

At the close of their last game they sat down and continued their talk along other lines.

"Been traveling on the continent?" inquired Watson.

"No; we were in London all the time," replied Guy. "I was having my eyes treated."

"Where did you stop?'

"At the Morley hotel."

"Is that so?" said Watson with a shade of surprise. "I have a friend living there—Smithers is his name. Didn't happen to meet him, did you?"

"The jeweler? Yes, I met him, got well acquainted with him. Very accommodating fellow."

"Yes, he's a jolly old bachelor," replied Watson meditatively. "I've known him for ten years, more or less. I'm in the wholesale jewelery business and have had occasion to visit London and Paris and one or two other European cities every year, except during the war."

After exercising a while in the gym, they

visited the shower baths and then returned to the promenade deck. There they separated, and soon afterward Guy came upon Mr. Gunseyt lounging alone in one of the sheltered corners. His hat was tipped slightly over his eyes and he looked as if he was on the verge of a doze.

"Hello, my young radio friend," he called out, sitting up straight as he caught sight of the boy. "When are you coming in to have a look at my wireless?"

"Any time you say," answered Guy.

"Come on now."

"All right."

They went to Gunseyt's stateroom, and there Guy found the man's receiving set apparently all that it was represented to be. The cabineted outfit was mounted on a table, near which was a collapsible frame standard supporting a rather elaborate loop antenna. The owner of this outfit gave his guest a more or less learned lecture on its strong points of usefulness, and invited the boy to "listen in" a few minutes. Then they returned to the sheltered corner where Guy had found Gunseyt in a mood of mid-day drowsiness.

There they sat down and engaged in a rambling conversation on subjects incident to a trans-oceanic trip. Guy was enthusiastic over the accommodations on board the Herculanea

and spoke warmly of the athletic refreshment he and Watson and enjoyed in the gymnasium.

"Who's Watson?" asked Gunseyt.

"He's a tall, big-boned man who sat near you and me when you first told me about your radio set," Guy replied.

"That fellow? His name isn't Watson. It's Lantry, and he's a crook, or I'm badly mistaken. I suspect he's one of those card sharks that live on the ocean and bleed the rich, sporty passengers. If he isn't that, he's something else not classed with good citizenship."

"What makes you think that?" asked the astonished Guy. "He seems to be a very fine man."

"Of course he does. The best of them always do. He's traveling under a false name. And I know something more about him, but I don't like to tell it because I can't prove my story. There's some things you can know in this world, my boy, but it's safer to keep 'em to yourself. My advice to you is to give Mr. Lantry, alias Watson, a wide berth, or lock your money in an iron trunk and throw the key overboard."

"He wouldn't get much from me if he did get into my trunk or my pockets," replied the boy. "I'm not afraid of him."

"Well, be careful anyway. Such fellows have got a surprise for you at every turn. They're not safe to get mixed up with under ordinary circumstances."

"Would one of those big gamblers pick your pocket?"

"Oh, perhaps not. They'd rather get your 'spon' legitimately. That's safer, you know. But I'm not saying positively this follow's a card shark. I'll tell you, though, what he's been if you'll promise not to breathe a word to anybody. He could make a lot of trouble for me for circulating stories about him that I couldn't prove in a court of law."

"I'm not a gossip," reassured the boy a little proudly.

"Well, be sure you keep this to yourself. If by accident it does you any good, I'm glad to pass you the information. I don't know what his game is now, but he used to be a fog pirate."

"A what?"

"A fog pirate, a London fog pirate. That's a highwayman, or footpad, who works his game under cover of the fog."

"How do you know Watson, or Lantry, has been a fog pirate?" inquired Guy, with peculiar interest because of "fog pirate" experiences of his own.

"He was pointed out to me as such by a

man who knows London street life from West End to Woolwich. That man told me Lantry was king of the fog pirates."

"You're sure there's no mistake about it?"

"Absolutely. And he's the nerviest gent of the mist that ever lived. Likes to hobnob with swells on dough borrowed in the fog."

"I'm much obliged to your for telling me this," said Guy appreciatively. "I'll look out that he doesn't try any game on me."

"Always be on your guard wherever you go," advised Gunseyt, settling back in his seat as if to indicate that he had said all he cared to say on this subject. "There are sharpers all around you. Even a lot of the biggest guns will try to do you if you're big enough game to make it worth their while."

"I'll watch out," was the boy's assurance as he walked away.

Next day Guy met Watson in the gymnasium again. At first he was inclined to avoid him because of the light in which the large-featured man had been pictured by Gunseyt. But a hearty greeting forced the boy's geniality to the surface and constrained him to be polite.

"Hello, Burton," cried Watson, ceasing his vicious jabs at a punching bag. "How's your nautical demeanor?"

"On even keel," replied Guy. "Engine's

oiled, pilot's sober and the fireman's shovelin' coal."

"Good! You're an up-to-date seaman. I presume this isn't your first trip?"

"First across the ocean; but my father owns a yacht, and I can run it better than he can."

"How's your radio friend, Gunseyt? Great name he's got, isn't it? That goatee of his ought to make a good direction finder, oughtn't it?"

"I think I'd change my name if I had one like that," laughed the boy.

"Why?"

"Because it attracts too much attention. It sounds too much like a joke nom-de-plume of a war correspondent."

"Ha—ha—ha," roared Watson. "I hadn't thought of that. If you were going to change your name from Gunseyt, what name would you choose?"

"If I were going to change my name right now, I'd change it to Lantry."

Guy looked keenly at the large-featured man as he made this reply. He was watching for a sudden change in his countenance, indicating surprise or confusion; but he was disappointed. The only expression he beheld was one of curiosity.

"Why would you change it to that?" Watson inquired.

"It's the first that came to my mind. Mr. Gunseyt was telling me a story of a man named Lantry."

"Was Lantry another radio shark?"

"No, Mr. Lantry, he said, was a fog pirate."

"A fog pirate! What's that?'

If Watson was pretending innocence, he did it cleverly. Guy was unable to detect a suggestion of duplicity in his manner.

"That's what I wanted to know when he used the term to me," said the boy. "He explained that it's a footpad in London who holds up people in the fog."

"How did he happen to tell you about Lantry. Did he know him?"

"He seemed to. He said the man had been pointed out to him as a fog pirate."

At the close of this conversation Guy was more puzzled than ever regarding Watson. The latter's face seemed honest enough, but it exhibited a shrewdness of expression that determined the boy to keep on his guard. However, there was little timidity in Guy, and he could see no reason why he should avoid the man during the short period of their voyage.

But the next day something happened that put a new complexion on matters and seemed to make action with regard to this strange

man neccessary. The weather had been warm and fair during the first day out, and passengers could pass the time on the open decks with comfort. But the steamer took a northern route, and soon it became cold and stormy and everybody kept under cover. The reading rooms, the smokers, the parlors, and the lounges and various sheltered places of recreation, rest and amusement were well patronized.

In the middle of the afternoon of the day in question, Guy left his mother writing letters in a drawing-room and started for his stateroom to get a book. When he was about fifty feet away from his number, he was startled to see a man step hastily out of his mother's room, which adjoined his own, close the door, and walk rapidly away.

At first Guy thought the man must be an employee of the steamer, but a second glance assured him that this could not be. All the ship's attendants were in uniform, and this person was not so attired. Moreover, the boy was certain he recognized the intruder.

But the man did not turn his face toward Guy after a first hurried glance in the latter's direction. He moved with long strides toward the nearest stairway. Guy observed that he was tall, squarely built, and carried no superfluous flesh.

"I'll follow him and make sure," resolved the boy, starting after the retreating figure. "If anything's been stolen. I want to know who took it."

Guy pursued the man up the stairway to the next deck above. The fellow ran up the stairs, two steps at a bound, and when the boy reached the next upper landing, he fancied he saw the fugitive enter a cafe. Guy entered also, but the man had disappeared.

Vexed at being thus outwitted, young Burton left the cafe and searched the neighborhood unsuccessfully. Then he returned to his stateroom, the door of which he found locked. He unlocked the door and entered. Inside all was not in the orderly condition in which it had been left an hour or two earlier.

Guy and his mother occupied adjoining staterooms. Each of these, owing to architectural neccessity in its peculiar position, was constructed and fitted for the accommodation of but one passenger. A door between the two rooms indicated that they were intended occasionally to be used as a suite.

The door was open, as Guy and his mother had left it. On a chair in his mother's room, the boy found his mother's valise, which he remembered distinctly she had left on the floor. He took hold of the handle and was about to lift, when it fell open. Probably the

intruder had attempted to clasp it, but failed, in his haste to depart.

A protruding piece of linen under the lid of his trunk in his own room next attracted the boy's attention. He took hold of the lid and lifted. It was unlocked. Guy was certain he had locked the trunk before leaving the room two hours earlier.

Inside the trunk he found new evidence of meddling. The box containing the "wireless shoe" outfit had been opened. The paper in which it had been wrapped was removed and tucked under other contents of the trunk. Apparently the man had hoped to find valuables in this box.

Guy made a through examination of all his belongings, which were in considerable disorder, but nothing had been stolen. Then he left the room, locked the door, and started for the place where he had left his mother.

CHAPTER IX

A Puzzling Situation

On hearing her son's story, Mrs. Burton hastened to her stateroom, entering with Guy through his room. But nothing of hers appeared to have been stolen. However, she was certain that her steamer trunk had been opened, although she found it locked. The contents were not in the order she had left them. Them Guy tried the door of his mother's room, but it also was locked.

"I'm sure the fellow was Watson, or Lantry," Guy declared after they had convinced themselves that nothing had been stolen.

"Who are Watson and Lantry?" his mother inquired.

"I forgot you didn't know. I didn't tell you what Mr. Gunseyt told me about one of the passengers. That passenger calls himself Watson, but Mr. Gunseyt says his name is Lantry and he used to be a fog pirate."

"What is a fog pirate?"

Guy told his mother all that the "radio

passenger" had told him in this relation and then added:

"I'm certain that Watson, or Lantry, is the man who entered our rooms. I didn't get a good look at his face, but I know his form so well I don't believe I could be mistaken."

Guy decided that a complaint ought to be made for the protection of the other passengers, as well as themselves; so he sought out the second mate and related the affair to him. The officer listened attentively, asked several questions, and then assured the boy that the matter would be looked into.

An hour later Guy found Mr. Gunseyt in a smoking room and told him what had occurred. The latter was not easily surprised but he showed considerable interest in this affair.

"Didn't you lock your door when you left your stateroom?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Guy.

"Then how did he get in?"

"That's what puzzles me. He must 'ave unlocked the door; but how did he do it? Do you think he bribed the steward who takes care of the room?"

"It isn't likely," said Gunseyt thoughtfully. "And I don't see how he could have picked the lock. The locks on these stateroom

doors are no common ones. Have you any idea who the fellow was?"

In telling his story, Guy had omitted all reference to Watson. He could not take oath as to the identity of the intruder, although morally certain of his recognition, and he did not wish to do the man an injustice by erroneously advertising him. He had told the second mate his suspicion, but that was to aid the ship's officers in protecting the other passengers from similar, and perhaps more serious, visits. However, he decided that, because of the seemingly well-founded warning received from Mr. Gunseyt, the latter was entitled to all the information he could give.

"I believe he's the man you warned me about the other day," replied Guy.

Gunseyt looked more interested.

"Who?—Lantry?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'm not surprised. I told you what kind of a fellow he was, didn't I? But I didn't suppose he'd commit common burglary. I thought he was too brainy a villain for that."

"But you said he was a fog pirate."

"To be sure. That's a far more intellectual occupation than burglary."

"Why?"

"Because its safer. The most intellectual criminals in the world are the ones who com-

mit crimes in the safest manner. But, say! I've got an idea."

"Yes?'

"Did your mother and you each have a key to your staterooms?"

"Yes."

"Have you both got them now?"

"I have mine."

"How about your mother?"

"We never thought of that. I'll go and find out.'

Guy found his mother and put the question to her. She thought rapidly a few moments, then replied:

"No, I'm afraid I've lost it. Haven't you got it?"

"No," the boy answered. "When did you have it last?"

"Just before luncheon, I think. I left my key in the door on the outside, and we came out through your room."

"Then somebody stole your key. Of course, it was Watson. But maybe he left it in the lock—I didn't notice—I'll go and see."

Guy went to his mother's room and found the key in the lock. Then he hurried back and reported his discovery. Soon afterward he met Gunseyt again and told him the latest development of the key mystery.

"That explains the whole affair," declared

the man with the goatee. "Now, you see, my advice to look out for Watson was good advice, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was," admitted the boy.

"Of course. I'm not in the habit of handing out poor advice. I'd rather keep my mouth shut. You're sure you didn't lose anything?"

"Oh, there's nothing missing, so far as we could discover."

"What all did he get into?"

"Everything, it seemed. I suppose he was looking for money and didn't care for anything else?"

"Turned everything inside out and opened every bundle, box, and package in the room, eh?"

"Pretty near," said the boy, moved to the interest of detail by this suggestion. "It seemed he saw me coming and hurried away without putting things back as he found them. There was a box in my trunk, wrapped in paper. He took the paper off and tucked it under some of the other things when he found he had to leave in a hurry, I suppose."

"What was in the box?" asked Gunseyt, leaning back lazily on the sofa.

"A pair of electric shoes I'm taking to New York as a present to a man from a friend of his in London. They're supposed to cure rheumatism."

"It would be an extraordinary thief who'd steal anything of that sort," Gunseyt remarked.

"Yes, I guess he wasn't much interested when he saw what was in the box. He could hardly be expected to know they were wireless shoes!"

"Wireless shoes!" exclaimed the man. "That's a good one. I thought you called them electric shoes."

"I did," answered the boy. "I used that term because it might explain itself. Wireless slipped off my tongue next in an unguarded moment. I suppose I'll have to give you a lecture now on perpetual electricity in order to make myself clear."

Guy now proceeded to explain the wireless theory of the rheumatic cure shoes, as it had been explained to him by Smithers. This he felt was no violation of confidence, as he had gathered from the Bond street jeweler that the idea could not be successfully stolen without a careful examination of the inclosed mechanism of the "radio footgear."

"That's a great idea if it'll work," declared Gunseyt. "And even if it doesn't work it's interesting enough to be amusing. I'm going to come to your room and have a look at them before we get to New York if you don't mind."

"Come any time I'm in," was Guy's invitation as he walked away.

"I'll be in tonight," the man called out after him.

All right; I'll look for you," returned the boy hospitably.

True to his promise, Gunseyt called at Guy's stateroom in the evening. The latter produced the "wireless shoes" and the visitor examined them with apparently deep interest. Mrs. Burton was present and expressed a good deal of amusement over "such nonsense." Gunseyt however, endeavored gently to argue her into a more serious view of the subject.

In the midst of this discussion came a knock on the door, followed by remarkable actions on the part of Gunseyt. With rapid, nervous movements, he jammed the shoes, back into the box and laid it on a table in a remote corner of the room.

Guy was astonished, Mrs. Burton also observed the act and wondered at it. The boy opened the door.

The new caller was the large-featured man, Watson or Lantry. His appearance furnished a new surprise for Mrs. Burton and her son, for they had naturally presumed that he would be inclined to avoid them rather than seek their company after recent doings.

"Excuse me," began the alleged "fog pirate," "May I come in?"

Watson, alias Lantry, or vice versa took the want of a denial for a permission and entered. Guy's astonishment had momentarily deprived him of the power of speech.

"I'll explain my call in a few words," announced the newcomer in tones of no gentleness. "The captain says you've accused me of entering this room in your absence. I'm a good deal put out with this charge and come here to learn why you made it."

The boy's answer came with confusion.

"Well, I—I was certain it was you," he replied. "The man I saw come out of mother's room looked just like you."

"Is that your only reason for thinking it was me?"

"Yes—no! I'm not at liberty to give you any other reason."

"Not at liberty! That's funny. Do you realize the seriousness of making such a charge without being able to prove it? I thought better of you, Burton, than that. I refer you to the captain of this vessel, who knows me and will assure you that I am all right."

"If my son has made a mistake, he will make any amends in his power," interposed

Mrs. Burton. "It was an unfortunate affair and he became excited."

"Why didn't the captain let us know I'd made a mistake when he heard my complaint?" asked Guy.

"I don't know. Who did you complain to?"

"The second mate."

"He told the captain, I suppose. You'll hear from headquarters all right. Have you said anything to anybody but the second mate?"

"Only the gentleman here, Mr. Gunseyt."

"I hope, sir, you don't attach any credence to this boy's mistake," said Watson, turning to the first visitor.

"I don't attach any credence to any mistake," replied the other smartly. "This is no affair of mine, anyway, and I usually keep my mouth shut about other people's business. Don't let me give you any uneasiness."

"You misunderstood me, sir," replied Watson haughtily. "I'm not in the least uneasy, rest assured of that."

"I'll see the captain in the morning and if he tells me I've made a mistake, I'll come and apologize to you," Guy volunteered. "That's fair, isn't it?"

"Quite fair. With that understanding, I'll bid you goodnight."

Watson went out and closed the door, and

Guy turned to the first visitor, saying:

"It must have been a mistake. He's surely all right."

"You'd 'ave sworn he was the man that entered your room, wouldn't you?" asked Gunseyt.

"Almost. I was about as sure of it as I could be, I thought."

"Then don't you let him buffalo you. He's as smooth and clever as they make 'em. He's a crook dyed in the wool, and I know it. But you're not at liberty to repeat this, because I can't prove it any more than you can prove that he entered your stateroom while you were out. You know now what it means to know something without being able to back it up with evidence. But it's nothing to me. I'm only telling you this to put you on your guard."

CHAPTER X

The Voice with the "Squeak and Roar."

Next morning Guy went to Captain Harding and told him of the visit of Watson and the protest he had made. The master of the ship looked at the boy with a smile, half of concern, half of amusement, and replied:

"You surely have made a mistake, young man. I've known Mr. Watson for several years. He's all right. I'll give you my word as a man absolutely that he neither committed nor attempted to commit a burglary."

"I'm satisfied now that I did him an injustice," said Guy. "I'll go and apoligize to him. But I wonder who the burglar could 'ave been."

"If I get further information on the subject, you'll hear from me," assured the captain. "We have a detective on board."

An hour later Guy found Watson in the smoking room and told him what the captain had said:

"I'm sorry I made the mistake," the boy

added. "But if you knew how much that fellow looked like you—"

"So I've got a double on board, have I?" interrupted the man of the large features. "Well, I'd like to meet him for two reasons: one is because he got me into an unpleasant tangle, and the other is curiosity. If you meet him, catch onto his coat-tail and hold fast till I come."

"I don't know about that," laughed Guy. "I got into trouble over one mistake, and I don't want to make another. I think I'll let my burglar escape."

"What did my friend, Mr. Gunseyt, have to say after I left your stateroom last night?"

"Nothing that would do you any good to hear."

"I infer from your answer that he didn't say anything very complimentary about me."

"I can't tell you anything he said. I practically promised not to."

"But he told you that I was the burglar, didn't he?" insisted Watson with a peculiar smile.

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I know a good deal more than you suspect. He told you to look out for me and avoid me. He said I was a bad man and not a safe fellow to associate with. He informed

you also that he and I didn't meet for the first time on this steamer."

Guy was astonished. Where had this man gathered his information. Had he been eavesdropping?

"You've got the best of me," the boy admitted. "How did you find all that out?"

"I'm a student of psychology, phrenology, physiognomy, telepathy, and several other oligies and pathies in that category," replied the man with a mysterious wink. "You know what that means, I suppose."

"Not very clearly, I am afraid," admitted Guy.

"No? You're too young. But you'll learn 'em some day if you're going to be a man of affairs. And I never studied them in books either. I know a little about some other things—criminology, human nature, and what certain kinds of men will do under certain circumstances and conditions."

Guy looked puzzled. Most of this was Greek to him. Watson came to his rescue.

"I know Mr. Gunseyt," he said.

"Are you personally acquainted with him?"

"Yes and no. He thinks he knows me, but I know him a lot better."

"Where did you meet him?"

"Where? Let me see. I've almost for-

gotten, it's been so long. In London, I guess."

"How did he happen to make such an impression on you that you have to use a dictionary of jawbreakers to explain it?"

"That's an anthropocomical question, my boy, and requires an answer that I do not wish to give at present."

The man was becoming facetiously mysterious again, and Guy grew impatient.

"I suppose next you'll be advising me to avoid him," suggested the latter.

"Not at all. On the contrary, I'd be sorry to produce such an effect. He won't do you any harm."

"Then he isn't a bad man?"

"Is there any reason why you should think so?"

"No, I guess not."

Guy was more mystified than ever. Half an hour later he told his mother of the developments of the morning, and she advised him to give Messrs. Watson and Gunseyt both a wide berth.

"They may both be confidence men workink together, while they appear to be enemies," she advised him.

This suggestion startled the boy. It had not occurred to him before. However, a few moments' thought caused him to reply:

"I can't believe it. The captain said he

knew absolutely that Watson was all right, and he wouldn't have said that if he hadn't known what he was talking about."

In spite of his mother's advice, Guy could not resist the temptation to seek out Mr. Gunseyt again and inform him what the captain had said about Mr. Watson. The "radio rogue" looked mildly surprised, screwed up one eye meditatively, and said:

"Well, of course, there's always possibility of a mistake, but I can't believe there are two men in the world that look and act as much alike as Watson and Lantry. However, its nothing to me, and I hope, for your friend's sake, I'm wrong."

"He's no friend of mine," assured the boy. "I never met him before and I don't care if I never meet him again. I came near wishing I hadn't met him at all."

The steamer was still plowing through cold northern waters and correspondingly cold atmosphere. The passengers remained under cover most of the time after the ship left the Gulf Stream, for the weather was fitfully inclement and the cabin walls were comfortable protection from cold and rain. For those who insisted on open-air exercise, the promenade deck afforded the best convenience.

Guy was fond of open air, summer and winter. So he was seen frequently walking the

promenade. Usually he was not alone, for he found acquaintances readily. There were a number of boys in the first class passenger section who got together every day in the gymnasium, or tennis or ball courts, and Guy was one of that number. Another, Carl Glennon, son of a Brooklyn lawyer, also was fond of the promenade, and he and Guy met frequently. He had finished high school the year before and his father had given him his choice between going to college and seeing the world. He had chosen the latter, with a view to taking a business position after finishing his travels.

On the afternoon of the fifth day out from Liverpool, Guy met Carl on the promenade, and the latter greeted him thus:

"Hello, Burton. I hear somebody broke into your stateroom. Did he take anything?"

"No. How did you hear anything about it?"

"The burglar told me."

"What!"

"I should have said the alleged and exonerated burglar."

"Mr. Watson?"

"Yes."

Glennon smiled at Guy's bewilderment.

"That's funny," the latter remarked. "I didn't think he'd say anything about it."

"He seemed to take it as a joke."

"He did? He didn't talk that way to me."

"No. He said he was pretty angry at first, but he got over it when he found out who put the suspicion into your mind."

"Nobody put the suspicion into my mind. I saw the man come out of mother's stateroom and thought I recognized him. But who did Mr. Watson mean?"

"A man named Gunseyt. You know him, I suppose."

"Yes, I know him in a way, about the same as I know you," Guy explained. "I met him on the boat."

"So did I. Odd chap, isn't he?"

Meanwhile the boys made the course of the promenade once and doubled back, walking briskly and inhaling deep breaths of the keen air. Then they sat down on a bench near the open entrance of a sheltered corner. Neither spoke for several moments, and Guy had reason soon to be glad of their silence.

Presently they heard voices inside and a familiar name was uttered in a manner that caused them to be all attention in an instant.

"I tell you I know the fellow Watson," said a voice that was strange to both listeners. "He's a secret service man as sure as you're a foot high."

"Did you ever meet him before?" inquired another voice, the sound of which almost

caused Guy to leap from his seat. Glennon caught him by the sleeve and implored silence in a low whisper. The first speaker was replying:

"No, but I've seen him in court; I've heard him testify. He's an ocean ferret, spends most of his time on ocean liners. He's hooked up several old pals of mine."

"Is his name Watson?" inquired the voice that had startled Guy.

"You can bet it ain't. He's got a dozen names and two dozen disguises."

"I've been suspecting him. I haven't been asleep. Is he disguised now?"

"In his dress and manner, yes. That's one of the best disguises ever heard of. False whiskers and a wig ain't in it. A good actor can change his personality so you'd never know him, even if one eye's in his chin and the other's in his forehead. This fellow's togged up like an American merchant and carries himself like the owner of the world. Very sarcastic and snaps you up with a wise grin every time he gets a chance."

Guy had observed this peculiarity in Watson on some occasions, while on others it seemed entirely wanting. But if it was assumed with a purpose this variation was now explained.

The conversation of the two men now

dropped to an undertone and the boys were unable to hear any more. They strained their ears unsuccessfully several minutes; then Guy arose and whispered to his companion:

"Come on."

They stole softly away, and when at a safe distance, the younger boy said:

"I know one of those men, I'm sure. I want to tell you about him an' then go back and see what kind o' looking fellow he is."

"If you know him, why don't you know what kind o' looking fellow he is?" inquired Glennon logically.

"Because I never saw him, that is, I never had a good look at his face. The only time I ever saw him was in a London fog."

"Then how do you know you know him?"

"I know his voice. He's a fog pirate. He held up a friend and me a few weeks ago."

"You don't say! Did he get much?"

"Didn't get anything. Another man happened along as he was making us empty our pockets and knocked his gun out of his hand."

"Good! Did the fellow get away?"

"Yes; he bolted. But I remember his voice here. You'd remember it a hundred years, wouldn't you? The boy who was held up with me called it a half-squeak, half-roar."

"He hit it pretty good, if this is the fellow,"

nodded Glennon. "What're you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nothing. I've just got a curiosity to see what kind of looking guy he is. Let's go back now and walk in just as if we were happening that way."

The boys turned and retraced their steps to the shelter. On entering the place, Guy looked eagerly for a view of the man with the familiar voice but he was unrewarded.

The place was empty.

CHAPTER XI

"The Ship Is Sinking!"

"Why, they're gone! Where did they go so sudden!"

Guy gazed helplessly at his companion. Glennon looked sharply here and there and along the promenade, while the other boy continued:

"They didn't have time to get out o' sight so quick. They must be hiding near."

"I guess not," said the older boy quietly. "No place to hide around here. They probably dodged into the smoker or cafe.

"That's it," agreed Burton, rushing out.

He led the way into the cafe, whose entrance was near the shelter. Inside, however, he stopped short with a look of disgust and said in a low tone to Glennon:

"There's a dozen men in here and probably as many more in the smoker. I don't know how I'm going to pick him out unless I hear him talk."

"Yes, you're probably up against it," agreed

Glennon. "I think your fog pirate's escaped you."

"Well, anyway, I'm going to have a good look at the face of every one in here."

The inspection in the cafe was soon finished, and then the boys passed into the smoker. There were eight men in this room, and one of them was an acquaintance of the boys, Mr. Gunseyt.

The younger "fog-pirate" hunter was a little startled at coming so unexpectedly upon this man under the circumstances, but after the first thrill of surprise, he dismissed as ridiculous the vague suspicion that came to him. Why shouldn't the "wireless passenger" be here as well as anywhere else? He was ubiquitous, as well as "all-wise" and "acquainted with everybody."

"Hello, boys," he called as the two entered the smoker. "Where you going? You look as if you're looking for somebody."

"We are," answered Guy, approaching the man and speaking in tones intended only for Gunseyt.

"Who is it?—another burglar?"

"Not exactly. It's the fog pirate this time."

"You don't say! He hasn't been performing any more deeds of the mist, has he?"

"If you mean Mr. Watson, no. He surely

isn't the man this time. I recognized his voice."

"You did? What does he look like?"

"That's the trouble—I didn't see him. I heard him talk, and he had the same old voice, that squeaky roar. He was with another man, and they came in here, we think. You didn't see them, did you?"

"I don't know," replied Gunseyt inconsequentially. "just came in myself I thought I saw one or two men enter the cafe a few minutes ago, but I guess they passed through. Ask the waiters."

"I guess it isn't worth while," said Guy to his companion as he and Glennon walked away. "I've lost my man, and I may as well give up. They probably heard or saw us while we were listening and ducked when we left. If that's the case, they wouldn't be likely to stop here."

Glennon was not sufficiently interested to urge further search, and Guy proposed that they play a set in the tennis courts. The older boy agreed and went to his stateroom for his racket. Guy had none and applied for one belonging to the steamer.

"This is a peach of a racket," Carl remarked as he returned with the object thus referred to. "It was given to me by a man in London. He must have paid a fancy price for it. Your

friend Gunseyt nearly had a fit over it yesterday."

"It must be a dandy to affect him so," said Guy, examining the object of interest. "He seldom reaches the boiling over anything."

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as that. I didn't mean he kicked the deck overhead. But he said I was mighty lucky to have a friend like Smithers."

"Smithers! Who's he?"

"The man who gave me the racket."

"In London?"

"Yes."

"I met a man of that name there. He's the one that rescued me and a friend from the fog pirate. He's a jeweler."

"So's this one," exclaimed Carl. "They must be the same man. Did your man have a store in Bond street?"

"Yes."

"What kind o' looking fellow was he?—kind o' stout with sharp, black eyes?"

"That's him," said Guy eagerly. "It's a wonder I didn't meet you with him or hear him speak about you. He told me all about himself and his friends, I thought. Were you with him much?"

"Quite a good deal. We took several motor rides together."

"So did we."

"And he didn't give you a racket?"

"No."

"Nor anything else?"

"No."

"I got the idea that he was fond of giving presents to his friends."

"I guess he is, but I suppose I wasn't a good enough friend. He gave me a present to take to a friend of his in New York."

"What was it—a tennis racket?"

"No, a pair of wireless shoes."

"Wireless shoes!" Glennon exclaimed with a laugh of surprise. "Well that's a good one. I bet I know what he did that for. The fellow you're to turn them over to is a sprinter, and the shoes are intended to make him sprint faster."

"No, you're mistaken. They're not sprinting shoes; they're intended to cure rheumatism."

"Quite an idea. Let's see, how do they work? Probably with induction coil and antennae concealed somewhere—eh?"

"How in the world do you know that?" Guy demanded in astonishment.

"Oh, I'm a radio enthusiast," Glennon replied. "I've got a set at home and what the neighbors call a set of wire clothesline between our house and the garage. Besides, I've had some wireless experience with this

fellow Smithers. This racket he gave me is a wireless racket."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Guy. "How does it work?"

"Very simply. Some of the strings, if you'll observe closely are of wire. They constitute the antennae. In the handle is an induction coil. The circuit is closed when I grip the handle over two electrodes on either side."

"What did Smithers give it to you for—rheumatism?" inquired Guy with a look of curious amusement.

"No, to put pep into my drives," answered Glennon.

"And mystery into your curves?"

"I suppose so."

"Does it do what it is supposed to do?"

"Not that I've been able to notice," said Glennon. "Still it's a dandy racket, and I'll take good care of it. I really can play better with it than with any other racket I've ever had in my hand. Maybe there's something of a wireless charm in it after all."

The boys played two sets and then found it was supper time. So they went to their staterooms to get ready for the meal. In the dining room Guy and his mother met Gunseyt, who sat down beside the boy and inquired:

"Well, did you find your fog pirate?"

"No, but I've found out who Mr. Watson

is," replied Guy as he picked up a menu card and looked at it hungrily.

"You have! Who is he?"

"A detective."

"You don't say! Who told you?"

"A friend of the fog pirate."

"Then you did find him."

"No, I overheard their conversation. They were talking about Mr. Watson."

"They said he was a detective?"

"One of them did."

"Where from—England?"

"I don't think so. The voice I heard called him a secret service man. I thought he meant an American."

"What's he doing here," inquired Gunseyt, lapsing into a matter-of-fact manner.

"I don't know. The man didn't say."

"Well," admitted Gunseyt; "of course, I might have been mistaken in my recognition of Lantry, or Watson. No man should be cocksure about anything. But the man who thought he recognized him as a detective might be mistaken too. So, you see there you are. But there's a bit of evidence on my side that he hasn't got on his. You saw Watson come out of your stateroom and found he'd been ransacking your trunks.

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"If he's a detective—"

"Yes?"

"—he might 'a' thought I was a thief and been looking for stolen property."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gunseyt. "What an imagination you've got! But you imagine such impossible things."

"Perhaps I do," smiled the boy. "I certainly hope it's impossible for me to be a thief."

"I think you've been reading too many detective stories," interposed Mrs. Burton, who had been listening to this conversation with more or less impatience. "I wish you could find something to talk about that would be more interesting to me."

"I should think this subject would be exciting enough to interest anybody," said Gunseyt with a smile.

"It might be if there were much evidence of truth in it," the woman replied with a mock air of wisdom. "The trouble is you both know only a little of what you're talking about, and you supply the rest with your imagination. You'd make good reporters for yellow newspapers."

A waiter now came for their orders, and the conversation was interrupted. After he had left them, Mr. Gunseyt changed the subject by saying:

"We're nearing our journey's end. We'll

be in New York day after tomorrow. I suppose you're glad of it."

"Yes and no," replied the boy slowly. "I like the trip; I think it's great, but I'm a little homesick."

"Not many boys will admit they're homesick until they have to," observed Gunseyt. "They're usually too proud."

"I'm past that age," assured Guy.

"How old are you—seventeen?"

"No—sixteen, goin' on seventeen, you know."

"Yes," laughed Gunseyt. "I don't want to flatter your son to such an extent as to spoil him, Mrs. Burton," he continued, addressing Guy's mother; "But he's bright enough to be twenty."

"He takes after his mother," she returned smartly.

"I wish I'd taken the southern route," said Gunseyt, changing the subject again. "I don't like being cooped up inside all the time."

"Same here," agreed Guy. "The only advantage of this route is the saving of a little time."

"They tell me we're getting in the neighborhood of icebergs," the "radio passenger" continued.

"The wireless operator told me we ought to see some icebergs by to-morrow morning,"

the boy said. "He's been getting messages from other ships going east all afternoon, and they told him there was lots of ice west of us."

"I hope we don't strike an iceberg as the Titanic did," Mrs. Burton remarked.

"No danger of that," was Gunseyt's reassurance. "This boat is well piloted and supplied with searchlights. One experience like that is enough to insure the greatest caution in vessels like this for a hundred years."

Guy and his mother retired early that night. Both were tired, as they had been up late every night of the voyage thus far. Moreover, life on an ocean liner had lost some of its novelty for them, and they were disposed by this time to look upon the experience almost in a matter-of-fact manner. And matter-of-fact people usually go to bed at reasonable hours.

Guy awoke shortly before midnight. The time he learned later, as there was reason for its being registered in the minds of others. The awakening was not an ordinary one, for it came with a jar that shook him heavily, though not with great violence. For a minute or two he lay awake, wondering what it could mean. He was sure he had not been dreaming. He had no recollection of a dream.

But he was still sleepy and ceased to wonder as he drifted back into unconsciousness. How long afterward he was aroused again, he

could not tell, but this time his awakening was decidedly more startling.

Some one was pounding heavily at the door. Guy listened a few moments with thrills of dread at the words that came with the knocking, and then fairly leaped out of his bunk.

"Get up and get out o' there as quick as you can! The ship's sinking!" was the fearful warning that came loudly through the panel of the stateroom door.

CHAPTER XII

The Wreck.

Mrs. Burton, also awakened by the alarm, was out of bed almost as soon as her son. The latter threw open the door between their rooms and called out to his mother, who replied that she was dressing. Hurriedly the boy drew on a few articles of clothing, and then turned to the electric button to "push" on the light. The button "pushed" all right, but the room remained dark.

"Put on the light, Guy," said Mrs. Burton in strange, hollow tones. Evidently she was laboring under a dreadful emotion.

Guy tried again. He pushed the "off" button and the "on" again, but without success.

"It won't work, mother," he said. "Something's wrong with the current."

At this moment there was another heavy knocking at the door and a voice called:

"Hey, Burton! Are you getting out? Hurry up; the ship's filling with water. This is Gunseyt."

Guy flung the door open, and the knocker entered.

"Are you about ready?" inquired the latter. "Hurry up and I'll help get your mother in a lifeboat."

"A lifeboat!" cried Mrs. Burton.

"Oh, there's no immediate danger," replied Gunseyt reassuringly. "The ship'll probably sink, but not for some time yet. Everybody'll be saved. Got any valuables you want to take along?"

"I don't know," said Guy in some confusion. "We didn't bring anything very valuable with us, did we, mother?"

"Throw open your trunks and look your things over in a hurry," suggested Gunseyt. "I'll help you carry anything you want to the boat. I'll strike some matches and hold a light."

"You're very kind," said Guy appreciatively, as he opened his mother's trunk and his own, they being unlocked.

"Turn everything out," continued Gunseyt, striking a match and holding it for a torch. "Take only a few of your most valuable things or keepsakes. There won't be room for much in the boat. Here, what's this?"

"Only those 'wirelsse shoes' I showed you," replied the boy. "Don't bother with them."

"It's too bad to let a present like that go to the bottom. If you haven't got too much

to lug, you might take 'em out of the box and stick 'em in your pocket. Or I'll take care of them for you. All I've got is an overcoat, It'll be cold in the boat."

"I'll take my rubber coat," said Guy. "Mother, you take your raincoat and muff and a scarf for your head."

Guy observed in the light of Mr. Gunseyt's matches that the latter wore a life jacket under his unbuttoned overcoat, and this observation enlivened him to the full seriousness of the situation. But he kept his head, lest he throw his mother into a panic, and quietly took down two cork jackets hanging from pegs on the wall. One he fastened around himself and the other he carried in his hand, intending to slip it on his mother when he found opportunity to do so without alarming her too much.

Mrs. Burton remained silent most of the time, working energetically and courageously with her son, while Gunseyt held lighted matches over them. Presently the vessel began to list perceptibly, warning them not to waste any more time. Then something else happened that added a wilder confusion to the critical conditions.

Hitherto the helper of Guy and his mother appeared to be inspired not only with great generosity, but with remarkable courage. Al-

though he had urged the woman and her son to make haste, his voice and manner had been steady and reassuring. For this the boy was thankful. He was certain that he would not lose control of himself under any circumstances, but feared lest his mother become panic stricken.

With the lurching of the ship, however, the "brave" Mr. Gunseyt was the first to show signs of consternation. A cry of alarm escaped him, and he turned and ran from the stateroom, shouting back to the others:

"Come on—quick—to the boats! No time to lose!"

Guy and his mother followed, the former carrying his rubber coat and a life jacket for his mother and the latter wearing her mackintosh and muff and a scarf around her head. Outside the stateroom, they found their way lighted with a few lanterns that had been substituted for electric bulbs, whose current was now dead. Gunseyt was twenty feet ahead, making with his best speed for the exit to the outer deck. In one hand he carried the box of "wireless shoes" and in the other a tennis racket.

"He must be crazy," Guy said to himself. "That explains his strange actions. Otherwise he would have waited to help me get mother to a boat."

But it was hard for the boy to remain convinced of this interpretation. Gunseyt had not appeared to be the sort of person at all likely to lose his mental poise under any circumstances, however severe. Indeed, he had seemed to possess unusual nerve. What, then, could be the explanation of his present actions?

The question seemed unanswerable. As he ran, the man put the racket under one arm, opened the box, took out the shoes, threw the box away, and pushed the "radio footgear" into his overcoat pockets. Then he disappeared through the cabin exit.

When Guy and his mother reached the open deck, their late would-be helper had disappeared. But other matters of more pressing importance were before them just now, and they dismissed him from their minds. They started to run aft in the hope of finding someone who could tell them what to do, when a passenger rushed past them, crying:

"No boats here, Burton—top deck."

It was Glennon. He recognized Guy at a glance and tossed him the information as he would toss a life buoy to a drowning man. Then, realizing his passenger friend's predicament, he stopped and said:

"Hello, is this your mother, Burton? Let me help you."

Without waiting for uttered consent, Carl Glennon seized Mrs. Button by one arm, and together the two boys almost lifted her over the carpeted deck to the stairway and up to the boat deck. There they found two or three hundred men assembled in the stern and watching a boat as it was about to be lowered into the water.

Glennon appreciated the situation at a glance. It was the last boat in this quarter and possibly the only opportunity for saving Guy's mother. Several seaman were manning the block and tackle and were about to lower away, when a voice called out:

"Wait, haven't you room for one more woman?" It was Carl who spoke.

"All full," shouted back a seaman. "Heave away."

"No, for God's sake, don't do that," insisted Guy's friend. "You've put all the other women in boats. Don't leave this one to perish alone."

Glennon was mistaken in this regard, but he believed it was true. The appeal was effective. There was general hesitation. The ropes were slackened. Then one of the few men whose lot it had been to enter the boat rose to his feet and stepped out. He said not a word, but waived the woman to his place. It was Watson, the secret service operative.

Guy could hardly restrain a sob at the unselfishness of the man, in view of the criminal charge the woman's son had made against him. But Mrs. Burton was not disposed to submit tamely to the substitution when she saw Guy was not going to follow her into the boat. She thanked Watson profusely for his kindness and begged him to return to his place, as she could not think of going without her son.

But the operative's generosity was not half-hearted. Instead of accepting this as final, he approached the woman and said:

"Don't be foolish, Mrs. Burton. Your son can get along much better without you. If you stay here, you may be the cause of your both being drowend. If he's alone, he will probably be able to save himself."

This was an argument that could not be gainsaid, and Mrs. Burton kissed Guy affectionately and was assisted into the boat, which was so full of passengers that there was little comfort for any.

"I'll be all right," Guy assured his mother. "I'm a good swimmer if it comes to that, and, besides, I've got this cork jacket on. Here's one for you. Take it and put it on, though probably won't need it. We'll probably find something to float on before the ship goes down. There ought to be a lot of rafts here somewhere."

While the boat was being lowered, the boy's gaze followed his mother with an appearance of more courage and confidence than he felt. As it touched the water Carl laid a hand on his shoulder and said:

"Come on, Burton. We've got to get busy. We don't want to depend on our life jackets to save us in that cold water."

A dozen men were calling down to wife or daughter or other relative or friend in the boat, and Guy was unable to make his voice reach his mother intelligibly. So he waived his hand to her and turned to follow Glennon and Watson.

This was not an occasion for much detailed observation of surroundings, but there were certain conditions and circumstances that impressed themselves on Guy's mind so indelibly that he may never forget them. It was a clear cold night. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly. The ship was listing heavily to starboard and many of the passengers were moving nervously here and there in the hope of finding a boat or raft not yet launched. The forward end of the vessel was sinking rapidly. Fortunately few women and children were left on the ship, so that there was little individual helplessness to hamper the most hopeful activites under the circumstances.

Apparently everybody still on the sinking

vessel was now on the boat deck. The first few boats that were launched had been loaded from the promenade, but as the ship sunk lower there was a general migration to the boat deck. There it soon became evident that although the liner had been equipped with enough lifeboats and rafts for an emergency of this kind, yet half the boats were useless because the listing of the vessel rendered it impossible to lower them.

Naturally, in spite of the imminent danger that confronted all on board there was a good deal of curiosity as to the cause of the sinking of the Herculanea. At first it appeared to be another Titanic disaster, for near the ship loomed a monster iceberg, so immense, indeed, that it appeared more like a "mainland of ice" than an island of frozen water." The word was circulated among the passengers that the liner had struck a submerged projection of this huge berg.

But Guy heard this report positively contradicted by one of the officers, who declared that an explosion had opened a great gap in the steamer below the water line. This officer expressed the opinion that the vessel had struck a floating mine probably laid by a German submarine after the United States declared war.

Although there was general good order on

board, one could not help seeing that the feeling everywhere was tense, and little more would be required to create a panic. The captain stood on the bridge, issuing orders through a megaphone. He exhorted the passengers to preserve order for their own sake. The throbbing of the big engines had ceased, but all the mechanical power had not been killed, for one or more of the dynamos still worked supplying electric current to some of the lighting wires and to the wireless apparatus. From an open window of the radio house came the thrilling sounds of the current leaping the spark gap and eager high pitched voices. Ever since the fatal blow doomed the steamer to a watery grave, the operator had been flashing a continuous stream of distress messages. And this he continued to do as long as the electric current lasted. Meanwhile assurance was passed among the ramaining passengers that a liner had caught the Herculanea's "S. O. S." and was racing to the rescue. But nobody could dodge the fearful importance of this question—Would she arrive before the sinking steamer went down?

"Are all the boats gone?" inquired Guy, as he and Carl Watson turned to look about them for some means of escape from the doom that seemed to be theirs.

"Your mother was the last person to enter

the last boat," replied Watson solemnly.

"Thanks to your great generosity," said Guy, scarcely able to control his emotion of gratefulness.

"Look down there." interrupted Carl, pointing toward the after end of the main deck. "Those fellows seem to have found a supply of rafts. Let's go down and see what's doing."

"That's a good idea," said Watson. "This vessel is going to sink head down, and the farther toward the stern we can get, the safer we'll be, even though we're on the lowest deck."

"We may be caught in a trap if we go down an inside stairway," Guy suggested.

"No danger of that yet," replied Watson. "The ship isn't going to sink for another half hour. Come on. Even if we have to jump into the sea, that's the best place to jump from because it's the lowest."

They ran through an entrance and down the nearest stairway. The cabin rooms were deserted. One could almost believe, save for the listing of the ship that the vessel was tied up at a dock and resting after a long cruise. Down on the main deck near the elevator Guy observed a solitary figure seated on a cushioned bench. An incandescent bulb was

burning a few feet away, and Guy recognized the man. It was Gunseyt.

The boy almost gasped for breath; then quickly remembered his recent suspicion that this strangely acting passenger was insane. Now he was fully convinced of the truth of his suspicion, for the fellow seemed to have no interest in saving himself. On the bench beside him, Guy beheld the "wireless shoes" that Gunseyt had taken from the boy's room, and in his hands he held the tennis racket that Guy had seen in his possession as the fellow was deserting him and his mother. Even as young Burton gazed at him, this remarkable man strained the handle of the racket across one knee and broke it.

Attributing this act to nothing more than the giddy working of a disordered mind, Guy hastened on after his companions. As they passed out onto the open deck, they were greeted by a heavy roaring sound, like a mighty clap of thunder, only it came not from the sky, but from the hold of the ship. Every beam seemed to be shaken loose, and the great vessel trembled as with a terrible convulsion.

"We're going down—the boilers have exploded—we're going down!" screamed a terror-stricken passenger, as he rushed to the side of the ship and leaped overboard.

Panic followed.

CHAPTER XIII

S. O. S.

Meanwhile the other "wireless twin" was not asleep even though it was after midnight. Back in Ferncliffe, Walter Burton was a very busy boy.

He and Tony had been enterprisingly industrious during Guy's absence. Tony had made a diligent study of wireless telegraphy and was already showing promise of early proficiency, as he was naturally quick. Walter had received several letters from Guy, and these were all long and full of interesting detail. The boy on the other side of the Atlantic told all about his doings in London, the acquaintances he made, and the sights he saw. He devoted pages to a description of how he and Artie Fletcher "saw London in a fog," and this letter was followed by other lengthy ones, telling of his association with Smithers and the hotel clerk. He described these two characters so minutely that Walter and Tony received clear mental pictures of them.

"Save these letters," Guy requested in his

second long writing to his brother. "I'm telling you everything because I don't want to forget anything. I'm going to claim these letters as my own property when I get back, if you don't object. You won't care nearly so much for them as I do."

The last letter informed Walter and his father that Guy and his mother would return on the Herculanea. It contained information also as to the day they would start and the expected time of reaching New York.

About a week before Guy and Mrs. Burton started on their return, the last of the winter snows at Ferncliffe melted and spring weather arrived. Although the coast was still dangerous, Walter and Tony got the motor yacht in condition for a trip as soon as the weather became sufficiently settled for safety. The craft was inspected and overhauled from stem to stern, and with Mr. Burton's consent, the gasoline tanks were filled. Walter also transferred one of the wireless apparatus to the deck house, extending several wires between the fore and aft service masts for an aerial.

"We'll have everything ready for a little cruise when Guy gets back," he said to Tony as they worked and discussed their plans.

After all the preparations were completed, Walter suggested to Det Teller that they make

a run out of the harbor, as the sea was calm and there seemed to be a promise of pleasant weather; but the sailor-farmer objected.

"This boat doesn't stir out of this place until your father gets back," he said very decidedly. "When he says 'go', we go, but not until."

That settled it, and Walter realized that he had made a foolish suggestion. Mr. Burton had been called to New York on business the day before and would remain there to meet his wife and Guy on their arrival from Europe. Walter and Tony were therefore left alone in the house, as Jetta was staying with Mrs. Teller during her mother's absence. Sometimes the boys ate at Mrs. Teller's table and sometimes at Tony's home.

Naturally they ran things pretty much their own way when they found themselves sole occupants of the house. Fortunately they were even tempered youth, and "their own way" proved to be fairly sane, so that they did not break the windows or burn the house down. But they had a good time after boy's fashion, reading, playing games, talking wireless, and going to bed when they were too tired and sleepy to stay up longer.

In this latter respect they violated long established tradition. They had learned that night is the best time for sending and receiv-

ing radio messages, as the atmospheric conditions are then most favorable for the transmission of electric waves, and they applied this information to practice. The first night they were alone they stayed up until 10:30 o'clock, the second night until after 11, and the third—well, they were up until after midnight and then something happened that drove sleep from their minds till the next succeeding sunset.

After supper on this eventful night, Walter went to the yacht and Tony went to the attic "den," and, seated at their respective wireless tables, they practiced sending and receiving for two or three hours. Tony, of course, was still very slow, but he managed to spell out his words with reasonable accuracy, and as Walter sent his messages in a leisurely manner, they did very well. One of the observations sent by Walter across the spark gap in the course of their exchange of wireless witticisms was the following:

"Ben Franklin contradicted himself by discovering a spark-gap in the sky and giving that 'early to bed, early to rise,' advice."

"Why?" Tony dot-and-dashed back.

"Because you have to stay up late to wireless well," Walter replied.

Shortly after ten o'clock he sent the following message to Tony:

"Come here."

"Repeat," requested the boy at the shore station, who read the message but was in doubt as to whether he had read it correctly.

"Come here." Walter flashed again.

"Why?"

"Some fun here."

Tony hastened to obey the summons.

He was soon abroad the boat, which was tied up at the wharf, and eagerly hastened to the deck house to find out what the fun was. Walter was sittiing at the table with the receivers at his ears and his hand on the key. Observing that he was busy, Tony said nothing, but waited. The varying expression on the operator's face indicated an interesting conversation with someone.

Tony watched and listened attentively and caught enough of his friend's messages to understand that the latter was engaged in a lively repartee with another operator. Presently Walter found an opportunity to explain.

"I've got an operator on a big yacht, I think," he said. "He was casting around for someone to talk to and picked me up. He started by calling me an undampt landlubber, and I called him a vacuum amplifier."

"What's a vacuum amplifier?" interrupted

Tony, who knew little of the technique of wireless.

"Its a radio monstrosity," Walter replied. "When you make a study of the science of wireless, you'll learn that the vacuum tube amplifier is an important instrument for increasing the volume of wave impulse at the receiving end. I left out the tube and called him a vacuum amplifier, meaning that he increased the volume of nothing. He came back weakly by calling me a vacuum detector. playing on the idea of a vacuum detective. That gave me just my opening for a good punch and I flashed back that I had detected him as the emptiest vacuum tube this side of a minus quantity."

"Wow!" broke in Tony again. "Did that silence him?"

"Not yet," answered Walter. "He called me an alternating current of sky juice and I shot back that he was an interrupted gooseberry—"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Tony, "I'll bet he quit then."

"Yes, he did. But here he is again."

"Hello there, kindergarten," was the next greeting from the revived radio banterer. "How far away are you from me?"

"How should I know?" flashed back the

young amateur. "But I can make a better guess than you can."

"I bet you a spark gap you can't."

"That's just like you—always dealing in nothing," retorted Walter. "I bet you a vacuum cleaner I can."

"It's a go, Smarty."

"All right, Empty," agreed Walter. "How far apart are we?"

"Three miles."

"I say ten. Where are you?"

"Two miles off Rookery Point."

"I win. You're twelve miles from me. I'm near Ferncliffe. You owe me an empty glass."

"I'll be generous and put something in it. What'll you have?"

"Make it a gooseberry phosphate."

"All right but you must furnish the sugar. It costs too much now."

"You're a cheap skate. When you die, your folks will go gooseburying."

"Goodby, kindergarten," interrupted the twice defeated wireless wit. "Your ma wants you to go to bed."

"There's a lot doing in the air tonight, "Walter announced presently, turning to his friend. I'm going to see what I can pick up. Most of it is big wave length. I'm going to tune up to it and see what's doing. You may

listen in some of the time if you want to, Tony."

"You go ahead," said the latter. "You can read faster than I can. Tell me what's doing whenever there's anything interesting."

Meanwhile Walter's left hand was pressing the left receiver, while his right hand was busy with the three-slide tuning coil. Presently he appeared to be satisfied with the adjustment, for he transfered his right hand from the instrument to the right ear piece and pressed both pieces hard against his ears.

And there was good reason for this sudden eagerness of attitude on his part.

"Oh, Tony," the radio eavesdropper exclaimed after a few moments of rapt attention. "It's two liners talking together, and one of them's the Herculanea, the ship mother and Guy are on."

"What!" shouted the astonished Tony.

"Yes, it's true. I spelled the name Herculanea as clear as can be. Keep still now."

There was silence again for a minute or two while Walter strained every listening nerve to catch the dots and dashes in the receivers. Then he said:

"Yes, its the Herculanea. I didn't catch the name of the other liner, but it's warning the Herculanea to look out for icebergs."

"They must be way up north," said Tony.

"Yes, keep still. They're talking again."

Walter was an intent listener again for five minutes. Then he took a pencil from his pocket and wrote several figures on a paper tab lying on the table. Presently he looked up at his friend and said:

"Tony, get me that chart of the north Atlantic in the chart case. I've got the location of the icebergs, and maybe I'll get the location of the Herculanea. I want to follow it if I can. I want to place the steamer on the chart and follow it as long as I get messages from it."

Tony dashed into the pilot house and soon returned with the desired chart, laying it on the table before Walter.

"There's where the icebergs are," said the young operator, eagerly indicating with his finger; "not far from Sable Island, two hundred miles or more from Halifax."

"That's more'n four hundred miles from here, isn't it?" said Tony. "Where's the Herculanea?"

"I don't know. I haven't found that out yet."

Walter continued to listen in silence for some time, eagerly hoping to catch the location of the vessel, but he was disappointed. She might be 100 or 500 miles from the icebergs. He caught many messages from the

Herculanea and other ships speaking with her, but no more latitude and longitude.

Time passed rapidly, and the interest of Walter did not wane. In fact, he would not have thought of going to bed at all, so long as he was able to catch messages from the Herculanea, if Tony had not called his attention to the lateness of the hour.

"Walter, do you know what time it is?" asked Tony after looking at his watch. The ship's clock was not wound and had struck no bells all evening.

"I guess it's pretty late," replied the diligent radio listener mechanically.

"No, it's early in the morning—after midnight."

"You don't say. Well, we'll have to quit soon and go to bed. But I do hate to stop as long as I can get a message from Guy's and mother's ship. Maybe Guy's standing beside the operator right now. It 'u'd be just like him to hang around the radio room for hours at a time if they'd let 'im."

"He's more likely in bed."

"Perhaps you're right. Well, one more message, and I'll quit."

But it was a long time coming, measured by the impatience of the listener. The operator on the Herculanea was silent for ten minutes or more, while Walter sat at his table,

eager to receive one more message before turning in.

"Better give it up," advised Tony, "He's going to bed."

"I won't believe it till I have to," replied the other. "No, you're wrong," he added suddenly. "Here he is."

Walter was now all eagerness again. But soon a marked change came over his face. So startling was the change that Tony sprang forward to catch his friend, believing him to be ill. The next instant he saw his mistake.

Pale and trembling, Walter gripped the receivers with both hands, while he listened with every nerve at high tension. He uttered one or two gasps; then he snatched up his pencil and wrote several figures on the tab. A moment later he was shouting orders to his companion.

"Tony, Tony!" he cried. "Run an' wake up Det quick. Tell him to come here right away. The Herculanea—S. O. S.—I got the message. She's hit something—wrecked—sinking—mother—Guy!"

Dazed, bewildered, Tony rushed out of the cabin, onto the wharf and up the path toward the old sailor's house, while Walter, with ghost-like face and rigid muscles sat listening to the appeals of distress as they came from the operator of the doomed liner.

CHAPTER XIV

The Voice of the Fog Pirate.

Affairs were bad enough on board the Herculanea, but not quite so bad as the cry of the terror stricken passenger would seem to indicate. Although she was steadily sinking lower and lower, the steamer remained afloat half an hour after the first boiler explosion. After a hundred or more had leaped into the sea, following the example of the first terrified wretch, the panic subsided, and the saner ones busied themselves at devising means of self-preservation. But it was plainly a question of only a short time when she would tip on end and plunge downward, so that all worked with the greatest of haste.

Guy and his two friends kept together through the fearful excitement. A dozen rafts, large enough and well enough buoyed to float with a burden of from twenty-five to fifty persons each, were being launched with greater energy than skill, and conditions now looked hopeful for those who had leaped into

the sea with life jackets, as well as for the many who still remained on board.

As soon as those on the boat deck observed what was going on below, there was a general rush down to the main deck. Guy, Watson and Glennon aided in lowering the rafts and were among the last to seek refuge themselves on one of the floating platforms.

So far as they were able to determine, no lives were lost in this final abandonment of the sinking vessel. All, apparently, wore life jackets and even those who ordinarily were unable to swim had little difficulty in making their way to the rafts and climbing aboard. Then, as rapidly as possible, the escaping passengers and members of the crew rowed away from the doomed Herculanea in order not to be sucked down with her when she plunged to the bottom of the ocean.

The raft on which Guy and his two friends made their escape was less than 100 hundred feet away from the ship when another boiler explosion settled the question as to how much longer she would afloat. The men with the oars in their hands strained every muscle in their bodies and limbs and succeeded in more than doubling this distance, when the great liner plunged nose down out of sight. Even then the strength of the oarsmen was not sufficient to stem the backward pull of the cata-

clysmic current, and they were dragged almost to the very spot where the ship sank. But although the raft was rocked violently, no damage was done, except the tipping off of two passengers, who were soon taken aboard again, none the worse for their ducking, if we except violent chills and chattering teeth.

Following the disappearance of the Herculanea beneath the surface of the sea, more attention was given by the occupants of the rafts to their surroundings. No doubt there had been only casual observation of the proximity of the great iceberg on the part of anybody as long as the ship remained afloat. Now it was the principal object of interest for all.

Guy told himself that he had never dreamed that there could be so mighty a mass of ice between the arctic and antarctic circles. Naturally the sight of this frigid monster, in the gloom of the starlit night, tended further to depress his spirits and caused him to give way for a time to the most wretched forebodings, and it was only after an inward struggle that he was able to overcome them.

A majority of those on the raft on which Guy and his friends had sought refuge decided that it was better not to row away from the place where the liner went down because of the expected arrival of one or more rescue ships in a few hours. Some of the men were

disposed to grumble a little at this inactivity, but Watson, who soon assumed the role of leader by virtue of his readiness of ideas, suggested that they take turns at the oars and propel the craft around in a circle near the iceberg. As everybody was wet and cold, all were eager to put their hands to the oars, so that there was no lack of helpers in this aimless occupation. Even the half dozen women on the raft took their turns at the circular rowing.

This raft was one of the larger that had been carried by the Herculanea and supported some twenty-five passengers. The material and construction were of a kind generally approved for life saving emergencies of this kind. The buoys were long metal cylinders, cone shaped at each end, like a sharpened pencil. Over these was a large platform or deck, made of many slats of light wood, laid side by side an inch or two apart and bound together with steel cross rods.

In spite of the fact that they were in no immediate danger of drowing, the shipwrecked occupants of this and all the other rafts from the Herculanea were anything but confident of safety for themselves in their condition and surroundings. They were all wet to the skin, and the atmosphere and the water into which many of them had plunged when leaving the

steamer were almost as cold as ice. It seemed scarcely possible that the constitutions of the most hardy could withstand such exposure many hours. Moreover, the sea was by no means calm. A considerable swell of the ocean drenched them repeatedly so that there was little likelihood of any amelioration of their discomfort by the drying of their clothes in the smart wind that below.

"It seems to me that the wind is getting stronger and the waves heavier," remarked one of the women, nervously addressing Guy, who clung to some of the slats of their raft near her.

"We can't hang onto this raft if the sea gets much rougher," declared another woman.

"If the waves are going to get much higher, we'd be much better off on that iceberg," declared a shivering middle-aged man to Guy's left.

"That isn't a bad idea," said a "half-drowned" seaman, who seemed to be suffering quite as wretchedly as the women. "I move that we look for a landing place."

"Are the rescue ships likely to look for anybody on the iceberg?" questioned Guy.

"They'll make a good search for us all around here, never fear," replied the seaman. "It's up to us to keep ourselves alive by any means possible for several hours, and we'll be

safe. We can't live in this ice-water, though."

"How about on the ice?" inquired Watson, who had been listening attentively to the discussion.

"We'll have a better chance to move around there and dry our clothes," replied the seaman. "We can fly signals, too, from the top of the berg, if we can get up there. They ought to attract attention from so high a point."

The seaman's argument created a generally favorable impression, and a little further discussion resulted in a unanimous vote to seek refuge on the iceberg. This mountain of frozen water, being only a short rowing distance from where the ship went down, was soon reached. But disappointment met their first close inspection, for as far as they were able to see, there appeared to be no "landing place." Then they rowed in an easterly direction along the ragged wall of ice. Another and smaller raft, supporting some twenty passengers, followed them.

They rowed around the eastern end of the berg and some distance along the northern side. In spite of his great physical discomfort, Guy soon found his interest centered again on the immensity of the floating mass of ice, which became more and more evident as they advanced, in spite of the darkness of

the night. At last they found an ideal "beach," sloping down gradually to the water's edge. The waves dashed high upon this area, and it was evident that if they were to affect a "landing" it could be done only by a vigorous "beaching" drive.

The oarsmen of the larger raft took in the situation at a glance and acted accordingly. They bent to the task with their best energy and the raft seemed to be lifted almost out of the water in the crest of a wave. Then down it came with a crash and a crunching, grinding sound. Some of the passengers were literally hurled off the raft and onto the ice as the water receded.

"Look out! She'll be carried back by the next wave," shouted one of the men. "Lay hold and we'll save her."

Guy sprang forward with a score of other men to seize the raft and drag it farther up on the "beach;" but, as he did so, a thrill of astonishment electrified his numb physique.

That voice! Surely it was the "squeaky —roar" of the London "fog pirate." But it was not so much the voice as the identity of its possessor that astonished the boy. The man who shouted the warning stood only a few feet away from Guy and the latter recognized him.

It was Gunseyt.

CHAPTER XV

Captain Walter.

Few moments in any boy's career have been more dreadfully thrilling than those immediately following Walter's catching of the first distress message from the Herculanea. That there had been a terrible accident could not be doubted. The first three letters of the message were well-known "S. O. S." Then followed a rapid succession of short sentences, relating what had occurred and giving the location of the wrecked steamer.

Walter sat at the table in the deck house of the Jetta listening to the messages almost as rigidly as if he himself had been immersed into an icy bath and frozen stiff. Not a letter escaped him. No operator, however skillful, could have dot-and-dashed too rapidly for him now. Every nerve, every fiber in his body was at its highest tension, and almost the only cause that could have stolen a word from his listening ears was the snapping of a vital cord.

Anxiety for the safety of his mother and Guy was the zero temperature that held him frozen to his chair and to the receivers. As the appeals and the crisp, snappy descriptions of what had happened came to him, he pictured the scene rapidly, instinctively, vividly. He saw his mother and brother on a deck of the steamer, nervously awaiting their fate in the decision of events. He heard them speak to each other, uttering words of cheer and fondly remarking about folks at home. He saw the ship sink lower and lower and the lifeboats descending from the davits.

Of course they were safe unless the sea were too rough for small boats. And such danger was improbable, for the operator had said nothing about it in his calls for help. He had said that it was cold, but this was all the information he had given regarding the weather. Guy saw the passengers getting into the boats, and then an awful possibility occurred to him.

Suppose there were not enough boats for all!

The Herculanea was one of the largest steamers in the world and carried enough passengers to populate a small city. It would require many boats to accommodate all these. Walter was somewhat reassured when he re-

called that the Titanic disaster had waked up the leading nations of the world to the necesity of ample liifesaving facilities on all seagoing vessels, but he could not quite dismiss his fears in this regard.

In the midst of his near-panic of mind, Tony and Det arrived. The latter was not excited, although Tony had aroused him from his sleep in a manner that was enough to convince one that a war fleet had arrived from Mars or the end of the world had come. But he found Walter in an attitude that caused him to become more than serious, for the radio boy was just receiving another distress call, coupled with the announcement that the listing of the ship had rendered it impossible to launch nearly half the boats, so that many of the passengers would have to seek safety on rafts.

"What's all this about?" demanded the old sailor with a kind of awed sternness.

Walter did not answer at once. He was listening intently. But pretty soon a short period of silence in the receivers gave him opportunity to cry out:

"Hasn't Tony told you? The Herculanea is wrecked—going down. They're taking to the boats, and there's not enough boats for

all. There are only rafts for hundreds of them."

"You got that message?" inquired the incredulous man. "Where is the steamer?"

"Off Nova Scotia, four hundred miles from here."

"You must be crazy! Your little amateur outfit couldn't receive a message from away up there."

"Crazy, am I?" fired back Walter. "That shows how little you know about wireless telegraphy. This outfit can take any message that any other outfit can take. I want you to know that I received those messages, and they are true. Look over this boat as fast as possible and see that she's ready to start on a four hundred mile trip in half an hour."

Det stared at the boy as if he thought him mad. He wondered if he were not still in his bed and dreaming. He could hardly believe his senses. But the boy was in dead earnest and could not be handled lightly. He was in a mood to give commands now, even to the grown and long experienced Det Teller, and he must be handled like a man.

"If the steamer's going to sink, it'll be at the bottom of the ocean almost before we can get started, let alone running four hundred miles," objected Det.

"I don't care if it's four thousand miles,"

Walter shouted back. Then he ceased to talk for a few moments while he caught another message. Pretty soon he spoke again, but now in a pleading tone:

"Det, Det, do get busy. This boat must start as soon as ever we can get ready. Mother and Guy may have to float in an open boat for days. We can't run any unneccessary risks. Other steamers may pick them up, and then again they may not. Tony, will you go along?"

"Give me time to run and ask pa," replied the boy addressed.

"I'll give you half an hour. By that time we'll be gone, whether you're here or not. There's no time to waste."

Tony was off like a shot before his friend had finished speaking. Meanwhile Det was mechanically obeying orders. He could not well do otherwise. He wished heartily that the boy's father were at home. He longed for more authority for such an undertaking. It was a time of the year when the sea was treacherous, and it was risky business to attempt such a trip in so small a boat. Moreover, the chances of success were so few as to render the proposition almost foolhardy in his opinion.

And yet, he dared not take the responsibility of opposing Walter. There was too much

at stake. Surely Mr. Burton would countenance any step, however hazardous, taken for the purpose of rescuing two members of his family from so great a peril. If the crew of the Jetta were lost, the owner would have the consolation of knowing that they died heroes.

Det decided to go. The more he thought over the matter, the less argument he could offer against the move. He concluded that he would be branded as a coward and an unfaithful employe of the Burton family if he showed a disposition to hinder any rescue plan, unless he could offer a better. He went into the engine room, made a careful survey of the quarters, found that Walter had made practically all the preparations necessary, and then returned to the young skipper.

"Everything's ready," he announced. "I'm going to the house and tell Mag, an' then I'll be right back."

Without waiting for an answer, he was gone. He ran all the way to the house, burst into the bedroom where his wife lay, impatiently waiting his return, and in excited tones and short sentences informed her what had happened:

"Big steamer wrecked 'way up the coast. Mrs. Burton an' Guy on board. We're goin'

up there in the Jetta. Good-by. We'll be gone several days."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Teller springing out of bed and grabbing the first article of clothing she could lay her hands on. "Wait, Det; you'll have to have something to eat on the way."

"Shiver my fence posts if I ever thought o' that," exclaimed the excited farmer-sailor, "stopping in his tracks." "I always said it was a lucky day when I married you. First I lost my head when I fell in love, then I ran away 'cause you broke my heart, and since the parson tied the knot you've saved my life forty- 'leven times over."

Mrs. Teller had long since been cured of her early coquettishness and it was safe enough for her jovial husband to talk in that manner. She was in no mood to pay any attention to nonsense just now. She loved Mrs. Burton with the devotion of long and faithful employment, and could think of nothing but haste and speed in assisting her husband to get ready.

"You'll want some money, too," she added, going to a dresser and turning on an electric light over it. Then she fished a key out of a button-box and unlocked and opened a small drawer in the upper part of the dresser.

"Here's all but ten dollars of last month's salary," she said, handing a roll of bills to her husband. "take it; you may need it. You may run out of gasoline and food, and Walter won't have any money."

Det took the roll and pinned it in an inside pocket of his vest.

"I'll have you a bag full of dinner in a jiffy," she added, as she ran with stockinged feet, into the kitchen. There she struck a light and "flew about" in a manner that would have been quite satisfactory to impatient Walter could he have seen her.

"How'd you get the news?" she asked, seizing a pot of boiled potatoes she intended to fry for breakfast and dumping them into an empty flour sack.

Det told her all he knew while she filled two sacks with promiscuous edibles, including pies, bread, cookies, cold boiled meat, and a smoked ham.

"There," she said as she finished; "you take these sacks, and I'll carry this basket of apples and this basket of raw potatoes, and we'll go."

"You're not going along, be you?" inquired the amazed husband as he obeyed instructions.

"No," she replied, swinging the door open and stepping out. "But I would if I could. I've got to stay with the children."

Mr. and Mrs. Teller had a son and a daughter. The former was eight years old and the latter six. Besides these, Jetta Burton was living with them during the absence of her parents.

When Det and his wife reached the yacht, they met Tony and his father just arriving on a run. Mr. Lane had been aroused as vigorously by the story of the wreck and the peril to the two Burtons as Mr. Teller had been. He offered no objection to his son's accompanying Walter on his dash to the rescue, and in a remarkably short time he and Tony were running down the road toward the yacht's harbor.

Meanwhile messages had ceased to come from the Herculanea, and Walter concluded that the electric machinery of the liner was no longer in operation, if, indeed, the ship had not already gone down. So he left his instruments and made a hurried survey of the preparations for departure. Then he assigned Tony to the engine room, for the latter was almost as well acquainted with the motive power of the yacht as he was, and asked Det to man the stern line while he backed away from the wharf.

"See that everything's in good running order," he called after Tony, as the latter start-

ed for the engine room. "Then you c'n come back on deck."

A moment later he was in the pilot house, calling to Det to release the stern line. After this had been done, he stepped on the starter, threw the clutch in reverse, and, by holding onto the bowline, forced the stern away from the wharf. Then he let go his bowline and backed out far enough to give him complete clearance, after which he reversed his wheel and threw in the clutch, giving the boat full speed ahead.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane stood on the wharf and watched the yacht till it was out of sight in the darkness. Presently Tony reappeared on deck with the report that all was running smoothly in the engine room, after which there was little conversation on board for some time. Walter was in possession of a bit of information that he would have been delighted to communicate to his friends, but he decided that it was better to keep it to himself for the present. He feared that its revelation might cause Det and Tony to urge a return home at once, and this he would not consent to do. The information was indeed of cheering nature, but he did not wish to let the rescue of his mother and his brother rest on that alone. Shortly before the operator on the Herculanea ceased to send out calls for

help, Walter caught a message from another steamer, saying that it was hastening to the scene of the disaster.

But this steamer might be half-way across the Atlantic and might fail to arrive in time to be of assistance.

"I'll wait till we're well on our way before I tell them about it," Walter resolved grimly.

CHAPTER XVI

On the Iceberg

The raft was quickly drawn up to a safe position on the "ice shore" and the castaways retreated still farther from the water's edge in order to keep well out of reach of the heaviest waves. The smaller raft was "beached" in a similar manner, and like precaution was taken to prevent its being washed back into the sea.

Presently the moon arose and lighted the scene with ghastly effect. But the ghastliness was a thing more to be remembered afterwards. It scarcely moved their numbed senses then. Wind currents high above soon became more active, and banks of clouds were broken up and scattered as if by bursting shells, then chased one another across the sky, while the big pale-yellow queen of the night rode majestically over this deep-wide scene of dismal wilderness.

All of the women and several of the men on the iceberg were suffering so severely, as a result of the exposure, that it appeared like-

ly they would soon collapse. Their condition and the serious discomfort of everybody else compelled a general casting about for means of relief. True, the first impulse was one of hopelessness, but events proved that elements were still available with which resourceful minds could combat despair.

The first device along this line was preceded with a discovery that, in itself, was anything but hopeful. This discovery was announced by Gunseyt, who exhibited more nervous anxiety over the danger of their situation than any other member of the castaway party. Meanwhile Guy had not fully recovered from his astonishment following his identification of the "radio passenger" with the London "fog pirate" of the "squeak-roar" voice. Hence the mystery of this revelation tempered somewhat the gloom of a new disaster, disclosed by those same "squeak-roar" tones, when Gunseyt startled everybody by announcing:

"The rafts are spoiled; we can't use them any more. The air cylinders are smashed."

There was a general rush toward the rafts as the last alarming sentence was finished, and a hurried inspection was made by all. Several groans of dismay followed, also a few grumbling criticisms of the carlessness that had characterized their landing on the ice

"beach." The drive of the oars, reinforced by the lift and drop of the waves on which they had ridden "shoreward," had brought the cylinders down upon the ice with such force as to wreck their further serviceability as air-and-water-tight buoys.

"Yes, he's right," declared Watson presently. "They're not good for anything any more except firewood."

"Then let's build a fire and get warm," proposed one of the men. "I've got a water-tight match-safe full of matches."

The unanimous vote with which this proposal was speedily adopted was pitiful in its eagerness. Then followed a general attack upon the two rafts, which, although there was not a tool larger than a jacknife in this iceberg camp, quickly reduced them to crumpled heaps of wood, bended steel bars, and the battered junk of many recently well-shaped and air-tight metal cylinders. Watson, Guy, Glennon and half a dozen other men, who had knives in their pockets whittled away at pieces of the deck lumber, and soon produced a pile of fairly dry shavings and splints.

"Now," said Watson; "we'll try to arrange these cylinders so that they may be used as a sort of grate for our fire to prevent, as much as possible, a melting of the ice under it. And, by the way, there's another precaution we

want to take. There's no telling how thick, or thin, this beach of ice that we are standing on is. A fire's bound to melt it more or less, and that, together with our weight, might cause it to crack and, maybe, break off. There's a shelf up there that's big enough to hold us all, and a good bonfire, too. Come on, men; one more little job, and we'll soon be toasting."

The men needed no urging. A few were inclined to grumble at the delay, but the majority were of a class well experienced in the wisdom of "looking ahead," and Watson's advice prevailed. The shelf in question was more than a hundred feet square, and was elevated eight or ten feet higher than the area on which they were standing. Both of these areas were comparatively smooth, probably because they were exposed to the dash of the high waves, which filled the crevices and hollow places and froze.

In spite of their numbed and deep-chilled condition, the men worked with good energy, and pretty soon a roaring blaze was shooting its eager tongues upward and making more cheerful that desolate place. The women were assisted to the upper shelf, and then began the work of drying clothes and thawing out aching limbs and bodies. The drying process was a long one. The fire was not large enough to accommodate all around it at once near the

blaze, so that it was necessary for them to "thaw" in shifts and hold articles of clothing for one another near the heat. However, by supplementing the benefits of the fire with vigorous exercise they produced excellent results and finally all found themselves feeling almost comfortable.

But it was an occupation attended with much suffering at first. The women and even a few of the men, who had been numbed into silence, wept and groaned with pain as they began to "thaw." Guy had never before suffered such agony, particularly in his feet, which had become almost nerveless from walking or standing on the ice in shoes soaked with water.

"We'll all be having rheumatism all the rest of our lives," he remarked to Glennon as they stood with bare feet on bits of wood and held their shoes and socks near the blaze.

"We'll be mighty lucky if we ever get out of this fix to enjoy the blessings of rheumatism," replied a man who overheard the prophecy.

"Oh, we'll be rescued all right," was Watson's confident assurance uttered for its optimistic effect on his companions. "I shouldn't be surprised to see a ship loom up in the darkness any minute. And that reminds me that we must keep a sharp lookout. Any-

body that's got a pair of lusty lungs he'd like to exercise couldn't put 'em to better use than to let forth a big yell now and then."

"It couldn't be heard very far," declared another with half-thawed-out pessimism.

"Oh, yes it could. Sound travels a long distance over water. Besides," he added, lowering his voice so the women could not hear: "we've got to figure out something else besides this fire to attract attention. There's only one chance in two or three that the blaze will be seen by a passing ship. See how high the ice rises there. It completely shuts off the light of the fire on that side."

Guy was startled at this suggestion. He gazed up at the great jagged wall of ice and realized at once that Watson's fear was no idle one. He looked up among the scattering clouds, located the north star, and then observed that it was the view to the south that was shut off by the mountain of ice. A great dread possessed him as he realized that a rescue steamer might pass within a quarter of a mile of this precarious refuge while the officers and crew remained ignorant of the nearness of the castaways.

Following the suggestion of Watson, a chorus of shouts was sent out over the water every now and then. The first attempt was a dismal failure, resulting in such discord that

every voice tended to annul, rather than to assist, the strength and clearness of every other voice. The next and succeeding attempts, however, were more satisfactory, being pitched in a common key. But unfortunately the wall of ice prevented the sound from going very far to the south, for the ship which had signaled to the operator on the Herculanea that it was hastening to the rescue arrived in the vicinity, picked up several boat loads, remained near the scene of the wreck until daybreak, and then steamed away without discovering the party on the iceberg.

It was three hours after sun-up before the castaways succeeded in drying all their clothes. To effect this, they had found it necessary to burn all the wood of the smaller raft and a considerable portion of the larger.

Nowhere could they discover a sign of life —not a bird of any description nor an inhabitant of the deep sporting on the surface. After the sun had teased them a few hours with just a suggestion of warmth, the fire was allowed to burn low to conserve the remaining fuel. The men decided to try to keep warm with vigorous exercise, incidentally exploring their cheerless refuge.

But it was almost a hopeless task without food in their stomachs. The resolute men had not exercised long before they realized

that fuel must soon be supplied for the furnaces of their bodies or the human fires in them would die out.

Guy realized this quite as fully as did the others. He read similar thought in the faces of Watson and Glennon, as the three moved together away from the rest of the castaways. But he set his teeth firmly, resolving to die with a struggle, if indeed he must die. And it was not easy, even under the present almost hopeless circumstances, for him to entertain a likelihood of such finish. There must be some way out of the predicament.

The flat shore-like section of the iceberg where they had sought refuge was several acres in extent. It was a "beach on a mountain coast," being formed as if cut into a giant hill, with a sloping wind-break on either side. Watson and the two boys approached the slope at the western end to discover, if possible, an ascent to some high lookout point on the berg.

What seemed at first glance an impossible task proved much less difficult on closer inspection. They were pleased to find just beyond the "wind-break" a natural crevice, or depression, running up the side of the ice-mountain and in this crevice an ascent of steps which although crude and irregular, they could almost believe had been fashioned

by human hands. With a shout of surprise that attracted the attention of all the other men, Watson ran around the end of the "windbreak" near the water's edge and began to climb this remarkable stairway.

Guy and Carl followed. A recent fall of snow on wet ice, succeeded by freezing, made it possible to secure good foothold, and they ascended rapidly. The higher they went, the more they wondered, and the more they were inclined to believe that human hands had performed this work of ice carpentry or masonry.

But more surprises were in store for them. After they reached the top landing—a considerable level area fashioned by Jack Frost and the elements—they beheld a sight that caused them to stare with amazment and then shout for joy. On the farther slope of the iceberg was another flight of steps leading almost to the water's edge, and at the foot was all the evidence needed to convince then that both stairways were works of men. In another area, not more than fifty feet in diameter and running out to form another and smaller beach at the water's edge, were two human beings, apparently men.

"Why, we're not the only ones that landed on the iceberg," exclaimed Glennon.

"Not so fast," advised Watson, with a con-

tradictory gesture. "Those people are not from the Herculanea. See, they're dressed in furs. If I'm not mistaken, they're not of our race even; they're—"

He hesitated before expressing the opinion in his mind and looked more intently at the two strange inhabitants of the floating island of ice.

"What?" Guy asked eagerly.

"Eskimos!"

CHAPTER XVII

The Eskimos

Presently a few more of the castaways arrived at the top of the stairway and the rest of the men were either on their way up or were hastening toward the steps of ice. They ascended single file, as much of the upward passage was not wide enough for two or more to walk abreast.

Among the first to reach the upper landing was an anthropological professor of a New England college, Dr. Olaf Anderson. He was a Dane and had made studies of the human race in all the northern countries of Europe and Asia and in Arctic America, including Iceland and Greenland. No sooner did he get a view of the two fur-clad strangers a hundred and fifty feet below than he forgot his hunger and physical weariness. Here was something that aroused a more lively interest in him than could even prospects of food or home. It did not take him long to verify Watson's suspicion.

"Innuits!" he exclaimed. "How did they get here."

"You ought to explain that better than anybody else, professor," said Watson, who had made the acquaintance of the anthropologist on the steamer.

"They must have been trapped here in some way," declared the latter. "And in that case, they couldn't have been here less than several weeks."

"Good!" cried Watson eagerly.

"Why 'good'?" Guy inquired.

"Because they couldn't have lived here that long without food and some way to keep warm. That means they can help us."

This prospect made Guy feel so cheerful that he indulged in a mischievous reply.

"You ought to be a detective," he said. The boy had hitherto given Watson no hint that he had discovered his occupation.

"What makes you say that?" inquired the operative, looking keenly at his young friend.

"The way you figure things out. You'd make a good secret service man."

"I wonder how we happened to miss this landing place last night, and how the rescue steamer, which must have had a searchlight, failed to see the Eskimos," one of the men remarked.

"It was dark and we didn't come this way,"

replied Watson. "We started farther toward the eastern end of the iceberg. I haven't any doubt that the rescue steamer has been this way and picked up the boats and rafts without seeing the Eskimos."

"Probably they slept late," suggested Prof. Anderson. "They usually do, especially if they've had enough to eat."

"That sounds hopeful," put in an optimistic fellow, edging his way forward.

"The Eskimos see us," announced Carl. "Let's go down there."

The two Innuits, as the professor learnedly preferred to call them, seemed much excited over their discovery. They threw their hands over their heads and, with loud cries, started as if to ascend the steps of ice, but stopped when they saw the newcomers descending.

The next moment four gray-haired dogs, probably awakened by the cries of their masters, emerged from a cave in the ice and gazed curiously up toward the new arrivals. Guy fancied that they sniffed the air hungrily.

"We can eat them if we can't find anything else to satisfy our appetites," Carl suggested; and the idea did not seem in the least repulsive to Guy. There was hardly enough luxury on the iceberg to encourage gastronomic fastidiousness.

The stairway in the ice proved to have been fashioned by both nature and man. The Eskimos, desiring access to both sides of the iceberg, fortunately had a rude sort of pick-axe that made the work of creating such access comparatively easy, especially since nature had half formed the steps in advance. By the time the leaders of the visiting party had arrived at the foot of the flight near the entrance of the Eskimos' cave, the last of them had reached the top landing, and a long zig-zag line of men was descending single file. The Innuits after their first stir of excitement, stood quitely, stoically, it seemed, waiting for developments. Fortunately the professor could speak their language well enough to make himself understood, and soon he was jabbering almost glibly with the short, round faced, narrow-eyed, brown-skinned, black-haired wanderers from the North.

The stoicism of the Eskimos was stoicism only in general appearance, as close attention to their eyes proved. The latter glistened with joy and eagerness. The delight thus expressed, however, was turned to a dull-orbed disappointment when they learned that the strangers were only a party of shipwrecked travelers in worse straits than the two Arctic inhabitants of the iceberg. There was not much encouragement in the appearance of

nearly half a hundred hungry men begging for something to eat from their scanty store.

Prof. Anderson's conjecture as to the cause of the casting away of the Eskimos was correct. They had been hunting with a sled and a team of eight dogs on a field of ice off the southern coast of Greenland. Two bears had been discovered by them on an iceberg that had become frozen fast in the field, and the two Innuits had driven to this mountain of solid water, where they left their dogs and sled and climbed up after the game.

It was then they made their discovery of the "stairway" of ice, but the ascent was more difficult and even dangerous because of the uneven, irregular character of the steps, which slanted "in all directions." However, they reached a lofty ledge, on which one of the bears was perched, and so severely wounded him with their harpoons that he slipped and fell, bounding down the steep and jagged ice a hundred feet or more.

At this juncture, almost as if caused by the rebounding impacts of the bear's eight or nine hundred pounds, a thunderous noise rent the frosty air, and the two Innuits knew that the ice-field was breaking. With all possible speed they hastened down to their sled and dogs, but before they had gone half-way, they realized the seriousness of the situation.

The iceberg, together with a considerable section of the floe, had broken away, leaving no solid connection with the land.

They passed an hour or more helplessly gazing at the rapidly widening gap between them and the mainland, and then decided that a long season of hardship was in store for them unless someone on shore learned of their predicament and came to their rescue. The wind was blowing almost a gale from the land now and was steadily widening the breach. They climbed to the highest point they could reach and erected a flag of sealskin between two upright spears.

The two Eskimos, whose names were Emah and Tarmik, now made haste to prepare quarters to protect themselves and their dogs from the severe weather that threatened to come heavily upon them. With their "pickaxe" and harpoons they dug a cave in a wall of ice, and by evening they had hollowed out a room large enough to accomodate themselves and their four-footed companions. They removed the bear's skin and spread this and another on the floor to sleep on. A few smaller skins they spread out for the dogs. In the entrance they piled up blocks of ice, leaving only sufficient opening for ventilation. Then they lighted some blubber in a stone

lamp and soon the ice-walled room was very comfortable.

But they had a scant supply of blubber with them, and the bear they had slain, although large, was lean. Fortunately, however, they discovered a deposit of drift-wood partly imbedded in the ice on the other side of the iceberg after they had fashioned the rude steps of the "stairway" into a series of safer footholds. Much of this wood they dug out and carried over to their cave, as they feared a further breaking of the ice.

Two days later this fear was realized. Large portions of this section of the ice-field broke off close to the berg on both sides. On the side where the cave had been hollowed out, only a small but well elevated area was left in front of their lodge.

Meanwhile they kept their flag at the top of the stairway as a signal of distress to passing ships. But none hove in sight, and life on their floating island became more desolate and lonely day by day. The days grew into weeks, and they lost all reckoning of time. The weather was stormy, snow and sleet fell, the wind blew heavy gales, and the iceberg moved rapidly, with the currents of air and water. Bear meat was their chief article of diet until the quarry that got them into trouble was devoured. Then they began to kill

their dogs, slaying one at a time until only four were left. During much of this time, when the weather permitted, they were busy with hook and line, trying to catch fish for their larder, but they caught only a few. They would have set some traps for birds, but after the first few days afloat none flew near the iceberg.

Both of the Eskimos were asleep when the Herculanea was sunk within a cable's length of their ice cave, and they knew nothing of the disaster until informed by Prof. Anderson. Cooped up as they were in their walls of frozen water, their slumbering ears had not been quickened by the explosion of the boilers or the screams of panic-stricken passengers. Moreover, their flag of distress fell from its anchorage, so that the castaways did not see it in the morning.

The professor elicited all this information from the Eskimos without a reference to the hunger of his companions, much to the disgust and impatience of some of the latter when they learned the nature of the, to them, unintelligible conversation. But he did not wish to frighten the two Greenlanders with the condition of affairs among the shipwrecked party, and he had a professional and scientific curiosity that demanded satisfaction al-

most as urgently as did the gnawing in his stomach.

By the time the story of the two Arctic men had been drawn out with many questions, the professor had a pretty clear idea of the extent of the assistance that might be expected from them. Turning to his companions he said:

"Gentlemen, we want to be careful what we do. We must treat these fellows with perfect justice. They have hardly enough to keep their own souls and bodies together. Whatever assistance we get from them must be obtained by appealing to their good nature, for they are good-natured fellows. About all they have that can be made into food is four dogs, and they would hardly supply one good square meal for all of us."

Most of the men present were intelligent and disposed to regard the situation with calmness and fortitude. There were a few, however, who grumbled at the words of the Danish scholar, and one of them asked with a half-snarl:

"What do you advise us to do?"

"That's a question that I propose to put to the Eskimos," replied Anderson. "We might ask them for food for the women, but we men can live through another day and night without anything to eat if necessary. We'll fol-

low the example of these fellows, dig a few caves in the ice, and with a very little fire inside we can keep warm. In that way our fuel will last several days."

"That's good advice," said Watson, with a nod of confident approval. "Talk to them in that manner and let them know that we're not going to do them any harm. Ask them for suggestions, and maybe they'll be able to offer plans that will help us a lot."

The professor turned again to the Eskimos and talked with them for several minutes. Then he reported as follows:

"They're willing to help us all they can. They say they'll give us one of the dogs if we have to have it, but suggest that we try fishing and see what we each get."

"How'll we do that?" asked the half-snarling critic who had spoken before. "We haven't got any tackle."

"The Eskimos have a good supply and will let us have several lines and hooks and some dog meat for bait, on condition that we give them some of our catch if we have good luck."

"That's reasonable enough," declared Watson. "Ask them for some tackle and bait and some tools to dig a few caves."

"The professor did as suggested and was given four strong lines with good steel hooks

and a short-handled metal tool, best described as a cross between a hoe and a tomahawk. Where it had been manufactured would have been hard to conjecture, unless it was a bit of native "blacksmithing." The handle was of walrus bone.

"That's fine," exclaimed Watson, seizing the tool. "One man can cut a big hole in the ice with it in a few hours. Come on, let's get to work."

With the professor and Watson again in the lead, the visitors filed back over the ice-mountain stairway to their own camp. There they found the women and children huddling around the fire and looking despairingly unhappy.

"Cheer up," urged Watson heartily. We've brought good news. There's a couple of Eskimos on the other side of the iceberg, and they've given us some hooks and lines to fish with and a tool to dig some caves in the ice. We're going to be all right now until a rescue ship finds us.

A full acount was given to the women regarding the discovery on the other side of the iceberg, and they became more hopeful as they watched the energetic activities of some of the men. While several began an attack with the Eskimo tool and other improvised implements on a wall of ice, several others went

down near the water's edge and threw the baited hooks as far out into the water as the lines would reach. With bits of wood for floats, the hooks were kept ten feet or more from the wall of ice under the water.

Watson was proving that corpulence is not necessary for the greatest physical efficiency in a cold climate. With his tall, angular, "meatless" frame, he was perhaps the most vigorous in the entire party. He was ever ready with a word of cheer or advice in an emergency. Probably he saved one or more of the men from an uncomfortable ducking when he offered this suggestion before the lines were thrown into the water:

"Everybody dig a hole in the ice to brace his feet in. If we catch any fish here, the're liable to be big ones, and they'll pull us in if our feet slip."

The fishermen followed this advice, using pocketknives to cut the ice and selecting rough, jagged places in which to sink their footholds. Then they angled for an hour without success, and some of the man began to show signs of impatience. But these discontented ones had taken no part in the activities of the morning, merely standing around and scowling when they were not forced to exercise in order to keep warm. One of them, Guy noticed, was Mr. Gunseyt, and three others

were seamen. There were six, all told, who were conspicously dissatisfied, and they were observed several times grouped together and conversing in a manner that indicated no working sympathy with the rest.

"I'm afraid we're going to have trouble with those fellows," Watson remarked to Guy as the two stood watching the anglers ready to lend a hand should a powerful fish swallow a hook.

"I'm surprised at Mr. Gunseyt," said Guy slowly. "And yet, I'm not either. He's the strangest contradiction I ever heard of. Have you noticed that funny change in his voice lately? He doesn't talk very much now."

"Yes, I noticed it."

"What's the cause of it?—any idea?"

Watson did not answer, for something more interesting just then claimed his attention. He sprang forward to assist one of the fishers who had more than he could handle on his line.

Guy followed, also forgetting Mr. Gunseyt's voice. Fortunately the line, consisting of tough, twisted gut-strips, "as strong as a cable," for it required all the strength of two men to prevent the fish from winning in the tug of war. Slowly Watson and Potter, the latter a Baltimore commission merchant, pulled the struggling, jerking, floundering fellow

up over the edge of the ice, and a great cheer went up as a hundred hungry eyes beheld a silvery, brown-spotted king herring, almost four feet long.

"Hooray!" shouted Watson, as he pounced on the magnificent denizen of the sea with both hands. But he was unable to hold him, and it was all two men could do to pin the slippery fellow to the ice, while a third cut his head off with a pocketknife!

CHAPTER XVIII

A Midnight Invasion.

Only one more fish was caught that day, and this second one was only a seven-pounder. However, everybody had a taste, and the bones and other refuse were saved for fuel.

At first they had been puzzled over the question of how to obtain a supply of drinking water, but finally some of the men produced several tin tobacco boxes, in which they were able to melt pieces of ice. This drinking ice had to be chipped from higher places on the berg, as the dashing of the waves in rough weather had coated the lower parts with a salty surface.

The work of the cave diggers developed another pleasing surprise for the castaways. In connection with this, it was found necessary to do considerable planning. The shipwrecked party all realized that they must get out of reach of high waves as soon as possible. Hence a flight of steps was cut to a kind of platform, some twenty feet above the area on which they had built their fire, and here was

begun the labor of hollowing out a house in the ice.

The entrance was made only large enough to permit the passage of a man. After this had been cut inward four or five feet, the man with the hoe-tomahawk began to enlarge the tunnel, while two other men stood near and pushed back the chipped ice with pieces of raft flooring. Others behind these cleared the waste from the steps so that the way was kept constantly open.

Shortly after the catching of the second fish, came the announcement of the cave diggers' interesting surprise. They had cut their way into a great natural cavern in the iceberg, large enough to accommodate all of the castaways and keep them warm with the aid of only a little fire. It was in fact, a sort of crevasse, with an opening at the top high above a fairly level floor area. This opening was large enough to admit some daylight, and all the air needed by the party, after circulation had been rendered possible through the cutting of the entrance by the cave diggers. As it chanced, the latter passage had been cut almost on a level with the floor of the crevasse.

In the course of the day the weather became somewhat warmer and there was even pleasantness in the sun's rays when one stood still and received their full benefit. About

noon the fire was put out in order to save fuel. This proved to be a happy move for another reason, as it was found that there were still enough raft boards to cover a considerable floor space in their new refuge, and they were used for this purpose. Several of the passengers of the rafts had brought mackintoshes and overcoats with them when they left the liner, vaguely hopeful of being able to use the garments later for their comfort. Guy, it will be remembered, was one of these, and when the question arose relative to the arrangement of sleeping quarters on the floor of the ice-cave, it was decided to use these articles of wearing apparel to supplement the board flooring. The Eskimos came over and offered suggestions and loaned them a bearskin, which the Greenlanders found they could spare. Also they pointed out their "driftwood mine," which, as a result of some more hard labor, yielded a considerable supply of fuel.

Meanwhile a constant lookout for vessels was maintained from the head of the stairway over the iceberg. Guy and Watson had the last hour's watch before nightfall. But no "sail" was sighted, nor did a long black trail from a steamer's funnel reward their vigilance.

That night was passed with fairly good

comfort in the cave. The entrance was almost closed with blocks of ice, only a small hole being left for ventilation. These blocks were held in place by horizontal boards slipped into grooves that had been cut in the "jambs" of the doorway. There were three of these boards, or shelf-like supports, so that it was possible to remove one section individually and crawl or creep in or out without disturbing the others. Inside, a watch was kept constantly for the purpose of feeding the small fire on a "grate" of metal cylinders and to listen for a breaking of the iceberg and indications of a change of its equilibrium.

There was a good deal of restlessness on the part of the women and some of the men that night, but finally they fell asleep and all was quiet thereafter until morning. Guy and Carl awoke at daybreak and were the first to go out and look around. There was little change in the weather except that the air was rather colder and the sky more cloudy. However the sun shone through a break in the east.

Several of the men also soon emerged from the cave, bringing with them the fishing tackle, which they baited and cast into the water. In order that they might not have to stand long in one spot on the ice, the fishers moved large pieces of ice near the water's edge, anchored them in rough places, and tied

the lines around them. With the lines thus set they were able to exercise sufficiently to keep warm and at the same time watch for a "bite." The lookout at the top of the stairway also was renewed, while all who had nothing in particular to do remained much of the time within the more comfortable confines of the cave.

Watson was still generally recognized as leader of the shipwrecked party, with Prof. Anderson a sort of lieutenant. Both were consulted a good deal, and the fact that they maintained a cheerful attitude aided much in buoying the spirits of the others.

"I think we're safe for several days unless we're blown through the Labrador current into the Gulf stream," remarked Prof. Anderson on one occasion when he and Watson and Guy and Carl were alone together.

"I was thinking of that yesterday," said Guy, who had read a good many sea tales and exploration accounts. "If we get in the Gulf stream, the iceberg'll begin to melt pretty fast, and before long it'll crack and explode and that'll be the end of us."

"Yes," agreed the professor; "but it'll be an undermining process first. When we get in water that is warmer than the atmosphere, the submerged part of the iceberg will melt more rapidly than the part exposed to the air,

and as by far the greater part of the iceberg, is under water, it needn't take long to alter the center of gravity. When that happens, over we go."

"When are we likely to hit the gulf stream?" asked Guy.

"I don't know. I might make some rough calculations as to our locality to-night if the North Star is visible, but the result wouldn't be accurate. I'd be likely to miss it by a hundred miles or more. Besides, I don't know how far from land the Gulf Stream runs along here, so I could easily reckon a hundred and fifty miles off. I imagine, however, that we're pretty near the Gulf stream and the wind which, you notice, is getting stronger all the time, is blowing us right towards it."

"Usually the icebergs follow the ocean currents, don't they?" inquired Watson.

"Yes; but some times they get out of them. A strong wind may blow them out."

No fish were caught that morning and the six malcontents showed new signs of restlessness; but they did nothing save keep aloof from the rest and look sour. About noon the lookout reported a vessel in sight and there was a general rush to the top of the ice stairway. They built a fire and waived their coats and yelled or screamed as lustily as they could, but the ship was ten or twelve miles away and

all their efforts to attract attention were unavailing.

This experience disheartened a good many, but Watson and the professor seemed even more cheerful.

"We don't need to go to pieces over that," said the former reassuringly. "We've just had proof that we're in the path of vessels, for that was a goodsized steamer and looked as if it was following a much-traveled course."

On returning to the beach they found two of the set-lines drawn taut and swaying from side to side as if a desperate struggle were going on at the far end of each. With no small difficulty the lines were pulled in, a large king herring being found on one and a fair sized cod on the other. In the course of the afternoon, this success was virtually duplicated twice, so that a moderate supper was afforded the iceberg-crusoes.

While this meal gave temporary relief, it was not sufficient to answer the heat demands of more than two score human bodies that had fasted under such severe conditions. Hence it served conspicuously to stimulate the discontent of the "sullen six." They kept together and avoided the others most of the time, so that Watson's suspicion of trouble brewing was kept alive constantly.

"I don't like the action of our friends over

there," he remarked to the professor in the hearing of Guy and Carl not long before sundown. "I think it'll be wise to keep an eye on them."

"What do you think they're likely to do?" inquired the professor not very seriously. "Kill us all and eat us?"

"Oh, no; not that bad. But they've got something up their sleeves."

Guy "went to bed" that night with the horribly humorous suggestion of Prof. Anderson on his mind. This together with the fears earlier expressed concerning the Gulf stream and a breaking up and turning over of the iceberg, prevented him for several hours from sleeping. He lay near the entrance of the cave a few feet from the fire. Watson, the professor, and Glennon were lying near him, all apparently asleep. On the opposite side of the fire was the watchman. The watches were an hour each, and during the time that Guy lay awake several men were relieved. About midnight according to the boy's reckoning, Gunseyt took his turn.

During all this time Guy had not spoken to any of the men on watch. He longed to go to sleep and lay quietly in a constant endeavor to lose consciousness and forget the fearfulness of the ever increasing dangers that surrounded him. But it seemed that every fibre

of his nervous system was too much alive to encourage a suggestion of slumber. He was very hungry, too, and if it had not been for the one comfort of the warm atmosphere of the cave, there would have been no limit to his wretchedness, mental and physical.

And the appearance of Mr. Gunseyt on duty did not tend to lesson his discomfort and apprehension, but tended rather to increase the latter. No sooner had the man whom Gunseyt relieved laid down than the new sentinel began to look around him in a manner hardly reassuring to the boy who watched him with half-open eyes. The man who last preceded him fell asleep almost immediately, while the leader of the malcontents appeared to observe this with a good deal of satisfaction. Ten minutes elapsed, during which time the watchman kept his eyes fastened on the man who had just lain down. Then he turned to the fire and put on some more fuel. This done, he made a hasty examination of all the supposed sleepers as if to find out if everybody indeed was lost in slumber.

The inspection appeared to satisfy him. He stooped down and gently shook one of the men, who arose quickly as if he had expected such an awakening. Then another and another and another were awakened in like manner, until six men stood around the fire whispering

to one another and gazing furtively at their reclining companions. Guy recognized them as the seamen and the passengers who appeared to have accepted Gunseyt as their leader in opposing the saner and more human will of the majority.

As he watched the men, he wondered that Watson and the professor had consented to permit any of them to be on sentinel duty alone. He even wondered why he himself had not made an objection. Probably they were even now bent on some sort of mischief. Presently they turned to the entrance where Gunseyt pushed out the blocks of ice in the lower section of the doorway. Then they got down on their hands and knees, one after another, and crawled out, after which they replaced the blocks of ice, and Guy was unable to see what more they did.

But the boy did not remain quiet "in his bed" after the disappearance of the men. He arose and went to the entrance, where he pulled inward the lower blocks of ice and peered out. He could see their shadowy forms moving diagonally across the lower area. Then he crawled out to get a clearer view, for the night was still cloudy and he could not see a great distance.

"I'll look into this business a little before I wake anybody up," he decided.

He stood at the head of the steps leading up to the cave and watched the men as they walked down across the area toward the other side near the water's edge. Several times some of them looked back, while Guy hugged the wall of ice for concealment.

"My goodness!"

Suddenly it dawned upon the mind of the boy what the men were up to. They were making for the stairway over the peak of the iceberg.

"They're going to the Eskimos' camp!" he muttered. "I must wake Watson."

He turned to carry out this purpose, but slipped and almost fell into the arms of someone who had just risen to his feet after crawling through the entrance. Guy recognized him.

"Oh, Mr. Watson!" gasped the boy. "Those men!"

"I know all about them," replied the other grimly. "I've been watching them too. Come on."

Watson led the way down the steps of ice.

CHAPTER XIX

The "Iceberglars"

As they reached the foot of the steps, Guy heard a noise behind him and turned to behold a new surprise. Several other men, including the professor and Carl, also were coming down.

"I thought everybody except those rascals was asleep," he said to Watson.

"Not quite," replied the operative. "We were expecting this."

"Why didn't you let me in on it?"

"Well," said Watson apologetically, "you're a boy, and we thought we'd keep you out of the trouble."

Guy's pride was a little hurt at this, inasmuch as Glennon, who was only two years his senior, had been included in the "man class." However, in the last two years this "man-boy" had developed in physical proportions that commanded the respect of even the big-framed Watson.

Guy counted eight persons, including himself and Watson, in this second party from the

ice-cave. They followed the first party toward the big stairway, moving stealthily and speaking only in whispered tones lest the men ahead discover them.

"Have you all been lying awake all this time?" Burton inquired after the last man of the second party had appeared.

"Yes," replied Watson. "I overheard something that gave away the whole plot."

"What're they planing to do?—take the Eskimos' dogs from them?"

"Yes—and more. They want to feed our two arctic friends to the fishes and take possession of their cave."

"And there's going to be a fight," said Guy apprehensively.

"Perhaps. But maybe it won't be necessary. The Eskimos have been warned. The Iceberglars may step into a trap."

" 'Iceberglars' is good," laughed Glennon.

The men ahead were out of sight soon after the other party left the cave. View of them was shut off by a high "banister" of ice between the lower area and the big stairway Presently the secret service operative and his followers rounded the end of this "banister" and could see dimly the forms of the invaders halfway to the top.

As rapidly as possible, those in the rear moved up the ascent and down the other side.

There was little danger of their being discovered now, so, they climbed and descended with all the speed consistant with safety.

The men of evil intentions continued their advance, thoughtless of pursuit. They reached the foot of the descent, where their movements were less distinct, as they had arrived at a veritable pocket in the ice with a comparatively narrow opening to sea ward.

"They haven't got any weapons, have they?" Guy inquired.

"They've got clubs they picked out of the wreckage of the raft and probably every one of them has a pocketknife," Carl replied. "See? —We've got clubs too."

"They had their clubs hidden at the foot of the stairs on the other side," Watson explained. "There may be a big fight pretty soon. You better get back in the rear, Guy, as you haven't any weapon."

The latter was no coward, but he could not deny that this was good advice. So he decided to keep in the background, but to watch for an opportunity to assist his friends.

Watson, however, had planned to avoid a serious encounter. This feature of his plan he had not revealed, as he did not wish any half hearted assistants. He knew that he could expect his men to act like real soldiers if they enlisted with the expectation of a severe hand-

to-hand struggle. Twenty or thirty feet from the lower landing, he halted and held out both hands as a signal for those behind to do likewise. It appeared that the invaders were holding a council of war.

Presently, however, activity was observed at the entrance of the Eskimo cave, and Watson knew it was time for him to play his trump card. Guy saw him make a sudden move with his right hand, which was followed instantly by an explosion. He had fired a pistol in the air.

The astonishment of the party below although of different character, could hardly have been much greater than that of Watson's companions. Immediately after the discharge of the firearm, the two Eskimos appeared at the entrance of the cave, holding the dogs in leash. The latter howled fiercely and tugged hard to break loose. Apparently it was all the Greenlanders could do to keep them from the intruders. The latter were dumfounded. A quick look back and upward and another at the dogs and the two skin-clad figures from the far north were enough to convince each of them that further hostile movements on their part would be dangerous.

So they decided on a change of front. Gunseyt, who had been leader of this move, took it on himself to "explain" the situation. Turn-

ing to the party on the stairway, he called out in "squeak-roar" tones:

"What's the matter up there? Have you men turned renegade, and are you fighting against your own race? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"About the only thing on this iceberg that we're ashamed of is you," Watson retorted. "We don't want to waste any time on you either. Just make a good resolution, now, and trot right back to your own dooryard or we'll instruct the Eskimos to let their dogs loose."

"We just came over to have a friendly visit with these Eskimos," declared Gunseyt, with well assumed indignation. "It's true we were going to ask them for some favors, but everything was to be friendly on our part."

"I might ask you what you were going to do with those clubs in your hands, but I won't," Watson retorted. "I know already."

"All right. If you know so much, there's no use arguing with you. But we don't consider that we're responsible to you for any of our actions, Mr. Watson, and, what's more, we don't propose to be dictated to by you. But I'll say for the benefit of the others of your party that we brought these clubs to protect ourselves against the dogs if they should become ugly, and it seems the precaution was taken very wisely."

"Never mind explaining to anybody, but do as I tell you," Watson ordered. "I overheard your conversation with Everleigh and Little. You go back to our side, and we'll have a settlement of this matter tomorrow. As for you three sailors, take my advice and don't mix any more than you have to with those other fellows. They're a bad set."

The six invaders obeyed sullenly, retiring to the other side of the iceberg and into the cave. They were not forced to give up their clubs, as Watson and the professor wished to avoid any move they might be unable to carry to success without bloodshed. However, the defenders of the Eskimos held a conference outside after the others had disappeared.

"We ought to have a sentinel stationed out here the rest of the night," Prof. Anderson suggested. "It isn't safe to give those fellows a chance to get the upper hand. There's no telling what they might do."

"I wonder if the sailors will stick with these rascals after this," said a Bostonian named Hammond.

"They're a pretty sullen sort, and I don't think you can expect much civilization in them," replied Watson.

"Who are Everleigh and Little??" Carl inquired. "Do you know anything about them? I hadn't heard their names mentioned before."

"They're a couple of crooks, professional gamblers, ocean card sharks, living on steamers most of the time, playing with rich easy marks."

"Is Gunseyt a crook?" asked Guy.

"Sure; he's one of the worst—plays for big game, but not much with cards."

Guy would have liked to inquire further regarding the "man with the changeable voice," but decided that it was not best to do so at present. He concluded it was best to wait for an opportunity to speak alone with Watson on the matter.

"We've got to do something to protect the women here," observed the professor presently. "Two of them are ill already, and some of us men are going to prove weaker than the others pretty soon. We mustn't let the strong override the weak, and we've got to conserve our rescources."

"Let's call a meeting in the morning and discuss the situation," Watson proposed. "I would suggest that nothing be said at that meeting about what occurred to-night. Those rascals ought to be watched, but we must not do anything to divide us into two hostile factions. We'll appeal to the men as men and ask for a vote on any proposed measure."

"That's a good idea," commended Prof. Anderson.

"But the immediate question is, who is going to do sentinel duty from now until daybreak." Watson continued. "I'm willing to for one. Who'll stay out here with me to keep me from getting lonesome?"

"I will," Guy volunteered eagerly.

Nobody objected to his usurping the privilege, and so it was thus agreed. The other men accordingly reentered the cave, while Guy and Watson began to pace up and down the area to keep warm.

The boy had several reasons for wishing to watch with his interesting friend. The episode just closed had put a new complexion on affairs. He wished to have a long talk with Watson? He had numerous questions to ask. Moreover, he felt that he would not be able to sleep now, and he believed that he could pass a more confortable night pacing the ice with some one who could converse sympathetically with him.

"Mr. Watson," he began; "I'd like to ask you some questions."

"Fire away," replied the other sentinel. "What's on your mind?"

"I don't know just how to open it, but I guess I may as well be blunt. The truth is, you're a mystery to me. A few days ago, you know, I thought you were a bad egg. But I've had good reason to change my mind. Still,

you're a mystery, and you'll continue to be one until you've told me who you are."

"You'll have to explain what you mean," replied Watson quizzically. "There are many ways I might tell you who I am. I might begin by telling you my name; but you know that already, don't you?"

"I don't know."

"Why not?"

"Because you haven't assured me that Watson is your right name. Is it?"

"No."

"So far so good. Now, am I too inquisitive if I ask you what your business is?"

"I'm what is commonly known as a detective, but my more dignified title is secret service operative."

"I thought so."

CHAPTER XX

"Jump as Far as You Can!"

"You're a pretty smart boy," said Watson appreciatively. "But I'm not half so much interested in how and where you got your information as I am in the question as to what bearing it has on conditions here."

"That's easily explained," replied Burton. "You're the leader here. Nearly everybody looks to you for advice. At first I thought you were a bad actor; then I changed my opinion, but still you puzzled me. You're such an important person here, I wanted every doubt removed."

"Who told you I was a detective?"

"I don't know. Glennon and I overheard a conversation between two men on the steamer. They didn't know anybody was near, and we couldn't see them."

"One of these men was Gunseyt, wasn't he?" inquired the operative.

"How do you know?"

"I don't know; I'm asking you. And I

might ask you the same question that you asked me: How do you know?"

"I could tell his voice, or I've identified it since."

"I thought so. Now, I'm not going to tell you how I know it, but the other fellow was either Everleigh or Little."

"I shouldn't be surprised if he was," said Guy. "But I never would have guessed it."

"It isn't entirely a guess on my part," assured Watson. "I have some knowledge on the subject."

"Who is this fellow Gunseyt?"

"I could tell you some interesting things about him, but not at present. Just to ease your mind a bit, however, I'll inform you that I took passage on the steamer to watch him in particular and certain others incidentally. If we ever get off this iceberg, I'm going to land him in jail. That's all I can say about him at present. Regarding myself, I might tell you my true name, but I prefer to be known as Watson for the time being and avoid complications."

Guy was well pleased with the interview. He felt on easier terms with the operative now. The latter's frankness, coupled with an unmistable professional shrewdness, inspired confidence and respect.

The two paced around most of the time to

keep their feet warm. Meanwhile they suffered much from hunger, realizing that a lack of sufficient food was rapidly telling on their ability to stand the exposure. This inspired Guy with a suggestion that they utilize their time to double advantage by fishing.

"You've often heard that fish bite better at night than in the daytime," he said. "Let's set the lines and see if we can't surprise the others with a big catch in the morning."

"That's a good idea," agreed the other sentinel. "Do you know, I believe that very suggestion is going to prove our salvation."

Watson "made a dive" for the niche in which the fishing tackle had been pocketed. and soon returned with the four lines and a small piece of dog meat. In a few minutes they had baited the hooks and sunk them into the water, fastening the other ends of the lines to large "boulders" or projections of ice.

Scarcely were all the lines set, it seemed, when a fierce tugging was observed at one of them; then, a moment later, at another. Eagerly they tried the first one and had all they could do to pull in a magnificent herring. The other held a smaller fellow of the same kind.

But this was not all. The second fish was hardly dragged back on the ice when a violent jerking was observed on another line, and then on the fourth. Their luck continued thus

for an hour or more until they found themselves almost exhausted with hard work in a weakened physical condition. Then Guy counted their catch, and found they had twenty-six magnificent fellows, principally cod. At first it seemed that there was a school of king herring near the iceberg, but after half an hour's fishing, only cod took the hooks.

Two happier persons than these ocean anglers could hardly have been found anywhere. They forgot the other dangers that threatened them, for the immediate problem of life on the iceberg had been solved.

They continued to sink their baited lines with gratifying success until after midnight. Then their bait gave out, and they cut a small herring into bits and used these on the hooks. It is proverbial that codfish will swallow almost anything, even rivaling in this respect the goat of tin-can fame; and they surely lived up to their reputation so far as the herring bait was concerned.

As an experiment, Guy put a piece of serrated backbone on one of the hooks and a "great-big" cod promptly swallowed it.

They were undisturbed in their occupation. The would-be invaders of the Eskimo camp did not reappear. Apparently they had decided that another attempt would prove as futile as the first and gave it up as a bad job.

In the early hours of the morning the fish did not bite so eagerly, but Guy and Watson angled until daybreak, resolving not to be satisfied with any degree of success as long as there was hope for more.

After daybreak, when most of the ice cave lodgers had appeared, another count was made, and it was found that they had sixty-nine as fine fish as any sportsman could wish to catch. The delight of the hungry castaways would be hard to describe. They almost went wild over the display of finny food. They overwhelmed the two fishers with congratulations and could hardly wait for the cooking of their breakfast.

That was a joyful repast. It put new life into everyone. Those who had shown signs of serious illness seemed to revive, and the general air of cheerfulness was remarkable. Even Gunseyt and his "pals" took a more "possible" and optimistic view of things.

After breakfast, Watson, Prof. Anderson, Burton and Glennon went over to the Eskimo camp to announce their success and to offer them a share of the catch. But the Greenlanders had not been asleep to the opportunity. They also had discovered the school and had caught a supply greater than their needs for as long a time as the iceberg could remain habitable.

The fish continued to bite fairly well during the day and by nightfall the number "in cold storage" was seventy-five, after everybody had had as much as he could eat. Early in the day the professor declared that if the temperature would only remain below freezing and the iceberg did not drift into warm water, there was little reason why they could not live on their floating island for several days yet. This must mean that they surely would be rescued.

But these apprehended possibilities were just what happened. On the afternoon following the big catch they did drift into warmer water and the temperature did rise. Tiny streams were soon running down the sides of the mountain of ice. Everybody was alive to the peril and the lookout for vessels was maintained more keenly and nervously. Three ships were sighted, and frantic efforts were made to attract attention, but without happy result. Only one vessel approached within five miles of the iceberg, and that was a liner, which plowed past as grandly as if it disdained even to take notice of so insignificant a thing as a mass of ice half a mile long and several hundred feet high in places.

"They'd never see us unless someone abroad happened to be looking this way with

glasses," observed Glennon. "I'm afraid our chances are pretty slim."

And to make matters worse, on the next day the temperature rose still higher and the water became still warmer. Watson and Guy slept a few hours that day and on the succeeding night they took up their watch with set lines again. They caught thirty fish; but the atmosphere became scarcely any cooler before sunrise, a fact that made it seem foolish to angle for more than were needed for a very few meals.

This means we've got to attract somebody's attention mighty quick," Watson declared as day was breaking. "No doubt the water has already undermined this berg to a dangerous extent and a little more will finish the business."

The operative was not given to making forecasts of trouble unless there was imminent danger ahead. But Guy resolved as on several other occasions not to become panic stricken. They still possessed their life jackets, and in a mild atmosphere and temperate sea, they could hope still to live some hours.

Although it did not become as warm that day as had been anticipated, they all put on their life jackets and continued to wear them. The women who had been ill showed signs of physical improvement, and the men by virtue

of plenty to eat, retained most of their normal strength. This was a fortunate condition of affairs, as it was hardly to be expected that so many persons could withstand such exposure so successfully.

On the next night a watch was kept for a different reason from that which inspired the first. The fear that Gunseyt would attempt another invasion of the Eskimo quarters had vanished. No one any longer had appetite for dog steak inasmuch as plenty of fish was on hand. But there was imminent danger of the iceberg's breaking in numerous places, and it was deemed wise to be constantly on the alert lest the occupants of the cave be drowned there like rats in a trap.

All day a strong north wind had blown, driving the mass of ice as well as many others in the neighborhood, rapidly southward. In the night the wind grew stronger and the waves higher. Every now and then could be heard the splash of tons of ice breaking off and plunging into the sea. But the eqilibrium of the berg was not disturbed, and morning dawned, with the inhabitants of the ice-island still safe.

As the day advanced the temperature continued to rise, the ice melted more and more, and greater pieces fell and more thunderous splashes were heard. However, the stairway

in the ice was not seriously impared, so that they were able to maintain their lofty lookout without interruption or inconvenience.

Three or four miles off to the northwest they saw and heard the breaking up of an iceberg half the size of the one on which they had taken refuge. It seemed to split in two right in the middle, while the reports of its explosion sounded like a naval battle. Occasional inspection was made of the faring of the Eskimos, but they proved as fortunate as the larger party in escaping injury from the falling ice. Meanwhile the fishing continued with fairly good success, so that the food question gave them only secondary concern.

About noon of their fourth day on the iceberg it was decided that the cave must be abandoned, and those who were inside were called out and warned against returning. The discussion convinced them also that they must leave the "shore" area and climb to a loftier position, as the falling ice rendered the "beach" a place of much danger. Several huge pieces had struck so near to some of the men that they narrowly escaped serious injury or death.

Accordingly the entire party sought greater safety on the upper landing of the big stairway. Their fish, of which they had nearly a hundred, were removed to this spot, also such

fuel as they had been able to conserve from all sources.

The camp of the Eskimos seemed to be fairly safe, for there were no great overhanging projections threatening to fall and crush them. Over the entrance of the other "grotto," however, there was a huge bluff, or "forehead," that frowned threateningly, and it was principally to escape this, when it should fall, that the migration aloft was made.

An hour after they moved upward, the "forehead" fell with a ponderous crash. Hundreds of tons of ice were let loose, and so great was the mass and the gap left in its place, that Guy expected the berg to shift its center of gravity and roll over at once. He braced himself for the expected, but the expected did not come. The area and the front of the cave itself were demolished.

The women did not scream. Their recent experience had almost deprived them of acute sensibility. No one suffered from cold now; but 50 degrees below zero could hardly have made them more numb than did the seeming certainty of their fate.

The question of the advisability of their taking to the water at once, with their life jackets around them, was discussed, but nobody argued strongly in favor of the proposition. Such a move, all were agreed, must be a

last resort for the preservation of their lives. In the water the chance of their being spied and picked up by a passing vessel must be very small. From a high point on the iceberg they could keep a much better lookout and also fly a flag of distress. This they decided was their best hope, although now desperately slim.

Of course they realized that there was grave danger of their being dragged under the iceberg when it rolled over, or of meeting even a more terrible fate if caught in the violence of an explosion of the ice. However, they decided that they could guard against such danger only with the most cautious watchfulness. Fortunately, on either side of the elevation on which they stood was a rough irregular ridge of ice, which would afford an excellent foothold by means of which they could keep from slipping off until the iceberg had tipped to an angle of 45 degrees or more from the perpendicular.

For an hour after moving to the head of the stairway, they stood and watched and listened to the exploding and crashing of the ice. Meanwhile the Eskimos, realizing the impending danger, joined them. Finally Watson observed a slight northward listing of the mass. "It's coming," he said to himself. Others observed the ominous change, and

only the appearance of an unexpected hope averted a panic.

This hope consisted of a tiny speck on the surface of the ocean several miles to the northeast. One of the women was first to see it, and with an hysterical cry she pointed toward the object.

"It's a boat," said one of the seamen after gazing eagerly for a minute or two. "But what's she doing way out here. She can't be more'n sixty or seventy feet long."

Nevertheless, even so small a vessel was a a Godsend to the hope-forsaken castaways. Oh, if they could only attract her attention!

They shouted, they screamed, they pulled off their coats and waved them frantically. Two of the men started a fire with some driftwood, raft decking and fish bones that had been preserved for just such purpose as this. For twenty minutes or more they were held in an agony of uncertainty, while the iceberg tipped almost to an unsafe angle. Then the thrill of hope grew stronger and stronger as they saw and realized that the boat was headed directly toward them. Nearer and nearer it came. Now it was so near that the forms of persons on board could be distinguished. A little nearer, and yes, they had seen the castaways and were signaling to them.

The upper landing of the icy stairway was

now a scene of the wildest joy. Men hugged each other and wept. Indeed, the women were not more hysterical than their male companions. But while the boat was about half a mile distant and the castaways were almost reaching out to be received in the arms of friends, the long expected climax came.

The breaking of the ice had continued with frequent splittings and spashes, but these noises were almot unnoticed after the purpose of the rescuers had been determined. Guy was one of the few quieter ones. But there was a singular reason for his silence. He was gazing intently at the little vessel, wondering, doubting his sense of vision—yes, no, yes—could it be possible?

Just as he was about to give vent to a new shout of joy, a cry of another kind from one of the women checked its utterance. The cause needed no explaining. It was immediately evident. At last the floating island was slowly rolling over.

"Everybody jump out as far as possible before we slip off," shouted Watson.

Guy saw the operative instructing one of the women how to leap. The professor instructed another. Everybody tried to keep his balance as long as possible. It was a mighty turning of a mighty mass and took some little

time. Now it seemed impossible longer to keep from slipping.

"Keep your heads and jump far out," shouted Watson. "Now, jump."

How many made the leap successfully, Guy could not see. The next moment he was in the water, while a terrific Niagara of noise filled his ears.

CHAPTER XXI

Searching the Sea

The Jetta was built for both speed and rough weather. She was fifty feet long, and her other proportions carried with them lines of beauty and grace, as well as "a good pair of heels." She had a six-cylinder, 200-horse power gasoline engine, capable of driving the yacht, on a smooth sea, at the rate of 22 miles an hour.

Architecturally the little vessel was designed with a view to practical use of all the space within her. Just back of the fore peak was the galley, with sink, ice box, cooking stove, and various other "food factory" accessories and conveniences. Abaft this layout was a large cabin, with Pullman berths on either side. Amidships were two staterooms, with lockers and breths, and back of these was the engine room, flanked by two large fuel tanks and locker batteries. Overhead was a large well-glazed deck house, connecting directly with the galley and serving conveniently as a combined observation cabin and

dining saloon. A forward portion of the deck house was partitioned off for the pilot and contained steering wheel, engine controls, chart case, log, ship's clock, thermometers, barometer, compass and sextant.

There was little conversation on board the Jetta for several hours following her midnight departure. After getting her started and seeing that all was running well, Walter turned the engine over to Tony and returned to his wireless instruments. There, with receivers to his ears, he waited eagerly for new messages regarding the wrecked steamer and her passengers. Occasionally he would call down through the speaking tube to find out if everything was going well in the engine room, and Tony would always inquire if he had caught any new messages of importance. Finally Walter, in reply to one of these questions, revealed his hopeful secret by remarking casually:

"Nothing new of much importance. There's a steamer hurrying to the rescue, but she's over a hundred miles away from the Herculanea, and it'll take her several hours to reach the wreck. By that time it'll be all over, and all they can do is pick up the boats."

"It'll take us two days and one night at least to reach the wreck," said Tony. "What do you expect to find then?"

"To tell the truth, I don't really expect to find anything. But I'm going to search the sea all around, and if we're unsuccessful, we'll at least have the satisfaction of knowing we did our best."

But Walter did not tell Tony all that was in his mind. He had a great fear that he would find a number of rafts supporting the bodies of many passengers who had succumbed to starvation and exposure, and that two of them would prove to be his mother's and Guy's. He preferred, however, to keep this fear to himself, for he knew that neither Tony nor Det could offer him any reassurance.

The wireless information regarding the Herculanea was too clear and definite to allow of much doubt. The operator had said that a great hole had been blown by some mysterious explosion in the forward part of the ship and that she was rapidly filling and going down. At first it was believed that she had struck an iceberg, as the Titanic had done, but investigation proved this impossible and indicated almost beyond question that a floating contact mine had caused the disaster.

During the night the Jetta kept well out from the shore in order to avoid running onto rocks. True, there was a strong head-light in the bow, but Det did not wish to depend on this and his limited knowledge of the coast to

carry them on safely. In the daytime they continued along in sight of the shore until they reached Halifax, where they stopped for gasoline and some additional provisions. They also inquired for news regarding the Herculanea and were astonished at the ignorance of everybody to whom they spoke on the subject. Walter bought a copy of every newspaper he could find but not a line did any of them contain concerning the wreck. Deeply mystified, he returned to the yacht.

From Halifax they proceeded northward and in a few hours were out of sight of land. Shortly before noon Walter caught several messages from the rescue ship, which had reached the scene of the disaster, picked up several boats and rafts loaded with passengers and was making for New York. This was good news in itself, but was accompanied with the announcement that a considerable number of the passengers and crew had perished.

Then followed a long succession of messages from the rescued to relatives and friends ashore. Walter listened eagerly to these, hoping to catch one from his mother and brother. For half an hour he suffered the keenest of hoping and despairing suspense:

then came the following, addressed to Mr. Burton:

"Mrs. Burton safe. Guy missing."

A great thrill of joy leaped into Walter's heart and mind as he read the first three words of this message; then the reaction of the last two words depressed him almost as violently. What had become of his brother? The message gave no hint. How he longed to be able to flash back a message to his mother that he was racing over the sea to search for Guy!

After leaving Halifax, no more land was sighted on the outward course. Fortunately the sea was not very rough any of the time. On the second night a rather stiff breeze blew from the north, but the waves did not rise very high, and the progress of the Jetta was little impeded. Next day and the following night the wind blew still stronger, but the yacht still rode jauntily over the swell of the ocean.

On the second day they reached, as they believed, the vicinity of the disaster, but darkness gathered before they could make any headway with their search. Then they arranged to pass the night in much needed rest and sleep. Det had the first watch, Tony the second, and Walter the third. Before daybreak Walter prepared breakfast and then called his companions. By the time they had

eaten, it was light enough to begin their hunt for survivors of the wreck.

From one of the lockers in the cabin, Walter produced a pair of strong binoculars, and with these he swept the ocean in all directions, but found nothing of interest. There was a little ice here and there, but no icebergs were discovered. Then Det made calculations again and decided that they ought to proceed thirty miles to the southheast in order to reach the exact latitude and longitude specified by the Herculanea operator.

The course of the Jetta was accordingly set in that direction. On account of the increasing amount of ice, it was deemed safest to run at a moderate rate of speed so that three hours elapsed before the old sailor announced that they had reached approximately the locality sought for. Meanwhile Walter continued to sweep the sea with the glasses and discovered a large iceberg off to the southwest and several smaller ones to the east and northeast.

"That's a whopper off there," declared Det, as he gazed through the glasses at the largest one. "I think we'd better make toward it. The wireless messages mentioned a big iceberg near the wreck, you say."

"Do you think that's the one?" inquired Tony.

"More'n likely. You see, the wreck happened about here, and the wind is from the north. So it couldn't 'a' been any of those to the east or northeast."

"But what's the use following the iceberg?" Tony asked. "The wind wouldn't blow them in that direction unless they had a sail."

"That's true; but what's to have prevented them from rigging up a sail? Anyway, it's the most likely direction for them to take as it's toward home. I've got an idea that if we find anybody at all, we'll find 'em on the other side o' that berg."

The element of doubt in Det's words, made Walter gloomy. The vision of so much sea with nothing else in sight but ice and icebergs and a birdless sky rendered him the more susceptible of hopelessness.

"If we find anything—" he began, and then stopped. He had had in mind to conclude the sentence, "it'll be dead bodies," but a lump came up in his throat, and he could go no further.

And before they had proceeded much farther, his fear was realized. Presently Walter's glasses brought to his vision numerous small dark objects on the water, and in less than half an hour they were moving among half a hundred human bodies buoyed up with life jackets.

There was little conversation now on board the Jetta. Tony, utterly discouraged, remained in the engine room most of the time. Walter and Det looked at each other with dull, heavy eyes. Must they examine all those bodies, or many of them, until they discovered the one whom they had come to rescue?

"I can't do it," was all that Walter could say. "Let's hunt farther, go around to the other side of that iceberg and then come back here if—if—we have to."

Det's only reply was a reduction of speed. Then he looked ahead carefully to avoid striking any of the floating bodies. Pretty soon Walter observed a small raft—the only raft in sight—a hundred feet distant, with two bodies lying on it. The face of one was toward him, and a chill of dread seized him as he recognized, or thought he recognized, the features.

He signaled his suspicion to Det, who nodded his head. The yacht ran close to the raft and stopped, and Tony rushed on deck to see what had happened. Walter leaned over the rail and gazed at the face. Then he straightened up and announced with evident relief:

"That isn't Guy."

Det and Tony also agreed that the body of the young man on the raft was not that of their missing friend. But it was of about the

same size, and the facial contour, though not the features, was similar to that of Walter's brother.

Det put on full speed again. The run around the berg was uneventful, except that it revealed to them, far to the southward, another and far greater mountain of ice, which they had not observed before. Walter scanned the sea as far as his glasses would reach, south, east, and west, but without fruitful result. Then he said:

"We've got just about enough time to go back and examine those bodies before dark. Let's do that and in the morning start toward home, running farther to the south than we ran on our way here."

Just as they were about to start back for the sea-surface graveyard, Tony reported trouble with the engine, and Walter and Det made an investigation. The engine was spitting and coughing and behaved as if something was choking it. An examination of the carburetor disclosed that the latter was flooding and considerable gas was being wasted.

Walter turned off the petcock on the feed line and then set to work to find out what was the cause of the flooding. He removed the carburetor and took it apart. Then he and Det looked over each part carefully to discover if there was any dirt or other inter-

ference preventing the closing of the needle valve. No trouble of this nature was disclosed. Walter then substituted a new needle valve, reassembled the carburetor, and put it back in position. As he turned on the gasoline, everything seemed to be O K; so he started the engine, but half a minute later it choked again.

In this manner they worked over the engine several hours, taking the carburetor apart half a dozen times. The last time they discovered the real cause of the trouble, which consisted of several metal filings in the hole in which the needle valve was intended to fit.

All this consumed much precious time, and when at last they had the engine apparently in good working order again, it was dark; so they decided to defer the examination of the bodies of the shipwreck victims until morning. After supper they arranged watches and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as might be under the circumstances.

Although the boy skipper instructed his companions to call him for the last watch, they did not obey his command. After he had turned in, they altered the program, dividing the night into two watches one for each. They knew that Walter was in need of mental and physical rest and determined that he should have it in spite of himself. And so the latter

was much surprised, though refreshed, when he was awakened at daybreak with the announcement that breakfast was ready.

After breakfast it was discovered that more work was needed on the engine. Several of the spark plugs were dirty, and the oil had thickened in the commutator, resulting in poor contact between the roller and the points. Hence, the sun was several hours high before they got back to the area of floating bodies.

The examination of these bodies consumed more than an hour, and the relief of all may be realized as a look into the face of the last established the fact that Guy was not among them.

"I might have known we wouldn't find him here," Walter declared. "Guy's not the boy to die without making a mighty big effort to save himself, and I bet we'll find him yet—alive."

"There's one thing I've been wondering about," Tony remarked; "and that is why there isn't a regular regiment of sharks here devouring these bodies."

But he had hardly spoken when he wished he had not given utterance to the thought. A pained expression on Walter's face indicated plainly the suggestion that was moving in his mind. Perhaps a number of sharks already had been there and departed and Guy's body

was one of those that had been devoured, or possibly he had been eaten alive!

Det offered no expert explanation of Tony's "wonder." He felt that the subject had better be dropped; so he said:

"Well, now that we've finished, let's go and find Guy floating on a raft or in a boat."

This was a cheerful suggestion, and Walter, with an effort, drove the shark theory out of his mind. The yacht was turned to the southwest, and the journey in search of a live brother was begun. They had not proceeded many boat-lengths, however, when Det stopped again at the side of the raft on which lay the body which had appeared so much like that of Guy on the day before.

"What's the matter?" Walter inquired apprehensively.

"Nothing," replied the old sailor; "only I'm a little curious about that note book. I saw it there yesterday, but thought it a waste of time to look into it."

As he finished speaking, he stepped over the rail and onto the raft and took from the rigid left hand of the corpse a small, red-leather-bound book. Then he stepped back onto the deck of the Jetta and examined the object of his curiosity. The leather was welted and warped as a result of wetting. The

leaves were celluloid, and there was pencil writing on them.

Walter looked over Det's shoulder as the latter turned the leaves and read. Tony also stood near and watched the proceeding. Presently he started forward in wondering eagerness when he saw the young skipper's eyes almost pop out of his head with joy. The latter unable longer to contain his ecstasy, exclaimed:

"Det! Tony! I know where Guy is. He's on the big iceberg that was near the Herculanea when she went down."

CHAPTER XXII

The Rescue.

Following is the entry in the notebook that aroused Walter's eagerness and enthusiasm:

"My name is Edward Kilcrane. My home is in Richmond, Virginia.

"After the last two boiler explosions, I jumped into the sea with hundreds of others. There were several rafts floating about, and I managed to get on this one with half a dozen other men. We came near being swamped in the suction when the Herculanea went down.

"I wasn't long in discovering I had broken my right leg. It struck something hard as I hit the water, probably a piece of ice or an edge of the raft. So I was nearly helpless. Four of the other men also were injured in some way. Ours was a regular hospital raft.

"I saw two rafts paddle up to the iceberg and try to find a landing place. But they didn't find any, so they moved along the edge and around the east end and disappeared. I hope they landed on the other side. We would have followed them, only we couldn't. The

oars that belonged to our raft had been torn off when it was tossed overboard probably. Anyway they were gone. I heard a man on one of the rafts suggest that they land on the ice and try to dry their clothes and keep warm by running around.

"There isn't much more to tell. My fingers are getting so numb I can't write much more anyway. Two men on this raft got discouraged and slid off and drowned themselves. I think another will follow soon.

"There's $200 in my inside coat pocket. Send it to my mother, Mrs. Helen Kilcrane, Richmond, Virginia.

"I'll have to quit."

The last few lines were almost illegible. No doubt an icy paralysis was gripping the young man as he wrote. His difficulty became more and more evident as he neared the end.

"Yes, the chances looked good for finding Guy on the iceberg," said Tony as he finished reading. "But why didn't we see them when we sailed around it?"

"I don't believe that's the iceberg they landed on," replied Walter. "I believe it's the one farther on."

"I've been thinking' that way myself," Det interposed. "I believe that farthest one is the one near which the Herculanea sunk."

"Let's make a run for it as fast as we can," proposed Walter.

"I'm agreeable," said Det. "But first let's get that money in this man's pocket so's we can send it to 'is mother. I think he deserves that much attention, don't you, for giving us this valuable tip."

"He certainly does," Walter admitted. Then as if in apology for his thoughtlessness, he stepped down onto the raft and began a search for the money. He soon drew out a long bill book, opened it, and found several bills of large denomination. Then he returned aboard.

There being no occasion for further delay, the Jetta was started again, and soon she was running full speed to the southwest. In order to make certain regarding the possibility of there being any of the shipwrecked party on the first iceberg, the yacht was run around it, but no sign of life was discovered. Indeed, there appeared to be no place on which a man could have found footing near the water line. Then they dashed on toward the farther berg at full speed, as the intervening sea was comparatively free of ice.

"That ice is melting very fast," observed Walter as the yacht bounded along, cutting through the crests of the waves in a manner

that indicated much power and much gasoline explosion. "It's lucky we're no later, for in a few days more there mightn't be much left for them to stand on."

Walter had rather an unscientific conception of icebergs, and perhaps it was fortunate for his peace of mind that such was the case. He knew nothing of the manner in which a mountain of frozen water goes to pieces, or he would have realized that danger is imminent at any time to a person cast away on one. Det, however, knew all about this; he was familiar with the shifting of the center of gravity, caused principally by the rapid melting under the water line, and of the possibility that the great mass would roll over any minute. But he said nothing of this danger, hoping only that fortune would not prove so cruel as to place success seemingly within their grasp and then snatch it tantalizingly away.

That the iceberg ahead was a gigantic affair was evident at first view. It was nearly an hour's run from the one first visited. Five hundred feet high in places and half a mile long, it presented an imposing appearance miles distant.

Walter soon trained his binoculars on it, and in a short time he had found signs of life. Eagerly he announced this discovery, and Det

snatched the glasses from him and made a careful inspection. Yes, there could be no mistake. Tiny objects could be discerned moving about on a small plateau near one end. Det was certain they were human beings.

In half an hour the iceberg Crusoes could be distinguished plainly, also, of course, the fire they had built.

About this time Det began to realize the imminent danger not only to those on the iceberg, but to the little yacht itself and its crew, and he warned his companions of what was likely soon to take place. The sound of breaking and falling ice grew more and more distinct. Great spurs and bulky projections, weighing many tons each, broke loose with cracking, crushing noises and thundered into the water, churning it like a sea-coast avalanche. And the little yacht must run the risk of being crushed by one of these masses in order to get close enough to effect a rescue.

Walter, Det and Tony have since agreed that fortune really worked happily not only for most of the endangered castaways, but also for the safety of the yacht. But before this was realized, the crew of the Jetta suffered mental tortures that no words can describe. Walter had discovered Guy among those on the iceberg and had announced this discovery to his companions. He could almost

feel his brother's arms around him and hear a sob of joy at their reunion, when he saw the great mass of ice begin slowly to tip over toward the yacht.

It was indeed wonderful that most of those perched on the overturning mass survived the ordeal. But there were several elements favoring their escape. First, they were standing on the highest point of their section of the iceberg so that when they leaped into the water there was no higher projection to reach over and strike them; second, they all wore life jackets; third, most of them followed the advice and example of Watson, to leap out as far as possible when the top of the mass rendered it impossible longer to maintain their foothold.

Of course Walter's first thought was of his brother, and he kept his eyes glued to the spot where he believed he saw Guy strike the water. The Jetta stopped fifty feet from the berg, where Det surveyed the scene to determine who was most in need of assistance.

Nobody appeared to be in danger of sinking, but several were evidently unconscious. The bravery and thoughtfulness of some of the men was heroic. The heads of two unconscious men were being held up by two others who had escaped serious injury. An-

other man, almost helpless, was being assisted by one of the women. This man was Professor Anderson, who in attempting to aid a woman, failed to make the best of his own "safety-first" opportunities and was knocked almost senseless by striking the water flat on his left side. The woman who came to his rescue seemed to have the strength of a man. In her earlier years she had been an athlete and a swimmer with a record. Her leap from the iceberg had been one of the most skillful and spectacular of the whole dramatic scene as viewed from the deck of the Jetta. The woman whom the professor tried to assist made a floundering leap and was knocked unconscious.

Walter soon discovered his brother holding the head of the latter woman above the water. With a heart full of thankfulnes he sent a cry of cheer to Guy, who was slowly swimming toward the Jetta, dragging his human burden with him.

The work of rescue now progressed rapidly. Men and women were pulled and hoisted over the railing on all sides, and presently the little craft was thickly populated with dripping, shivering figures, including the two Eskimos and their dogs.

The yacht was now converted into a hos-

pital. Three of the men and two of the women had been killed and their bodies, buoyed with the life jackets, were taken aboard. Then without further delay, the homeward journey was begun.

Det remained at the wheel. Tony performed the duties of galley superintendent, and Walter assumed the position of head nurse. All of the surviving women and seven of the men were either severely injured or on the verge of pneumonia, and it was necessary that they be given the best of care.

That night Walter had another opportunity to use the wireless outfit on the yacht with heroic effect. About nine o'clock the lights of a large steamer were sighted in the southeast, and the yacht's course was shaped to run as near to the big ship as possible. Walter, meanwhile, was busy with receivers at his ears and hands operating the key and tuning sliders. He must quit the field of amateur wireless sender for a short time and invade the commercial wireless world on the high sea.

Guy stood near his brother, eagerly watching the latter's every movement. After a minute or two of critical inspection, he offered a bold suggestion, one generally held to be a grave violation of governmental limitation of the rights of radio amateurs:

"Why don't you tighten the coupling of your oscillating circuit?"

Walter looked up at his brother with grim intelligence.

"I was just thinking of that," he shouted back.

Without further delay he did what is often done on board sinking vessels, what, indeed, was probably done by the operator of the Herculanea when the latter sent out his calls for help. The effect was so to reduce the amplitude of the outgoing ether waves that they might be received over a wide receiving range.

"He got it!" exclaimed the boy operator. "He's trying to answer."

There was more tuning of wave lengths for a minute or two and finally Walter got this message to the liner:

"We are a small yacht with forty survivors of the Herculanea wreck. We need help, Will you take us on board?"

Almost immediately came the question:

"Where are you?"

"A few miles off your port bow," Walter answered.

"Come this way," was the ship's next message. "Will answer in a few minutes."

Walter waited three minutes with the receivers at his ears. Then came the following.

"Come aboard. We'll stop for you."

It requires something of a sensation to stop a big liner in mid-ocean.

CHAPTER XXIII

Taking the "Wireless" Out of "Wireless Shoes."

In ten minutes the Jetta was alongside the Atlantic liner, Manhattan, and an officer descended into the yacht to make an inspection. A glance satisfied him, and he gave orders for receiving the rescued castaways on board the steamer.

The captain invited the crew of the yacht also to accept passage to New York, promising to take the Jetta in tow. This plan was satisfactory to Walter and his two companions and was adopted. The dead bodies on the yacht were then taken aboard and treated with embalming preservatives.

The Manhattan was due at New York on the second day following. The rescued castaways were offered every convenience that ingenuity and generosity could devise. The injured and the ill were given medical attention, while the others were reinvigorated with hot baths and fresh clothing, a "swell feed," ac-

cording to Glennon and "the most comfortable staterooms they ever slept in."

Walter, Tony, and Det, not being in particular need of revival and refreshment, were kept busy until late in the night reciting their accounts of the rescue. And it was not long before they were commonly pronounced heroes of the first water by the passengers. Particularly was this honor extended to Walter, for Det and Tony insisted that he be given all the credit due him.

"If that boy doesn't get a Carnegie medal, we ought to blow the whole board of trustees up with T N T," declared one large, red-faced, ungentle gentleman, swelling as if to burst with indignation at the failure of the hero board to appear magically on the spot and make its award before anybody else thought about it.

Next morning those of the rescued iceberg Crusoes who were able to leave their rooms became objects of further attention, and new features of the disaster were brought out in reply to more questions. It was not long, too, before special interest was directed to Guy, for if he and his mother had not been on the Herculanea, Walter and Tony and Det would not have made their dash to the rescue, and all these castaways would have perished.

Second only to the "wireless twins" as

characters of interest in this midocean drama were the two Eskimos. Tarmik and Emah were dazed with the wonder of their new surroundings. They had never dreamed of such richness, such magnificence of nautical architecture and equipment. It was like being transported from a desert to paradise. Professor Anderson, who had recovered from his injuries, was pressed into service as an interpreter, and the two fur-clad Greenlanders were kept busy answering questions until they exhibited signs of weariness.

Gunseyt also established a reputation as an interesting story teller. He added a number of odd touches to the general narrative, thus creating a demand for his "edition" of the account. But he said nothing about his attempted invasion of the Eskimo camp, and nobody else saw fit to create any useless gossip on the subject. Guy listened to him on several occasions and remarked to his brother about the change in the man's voice. When they found an opportunity to converse together without interruption, Walter asked:

"Have you any idea why he's being followed by a detective?"

"Not the slightest," answered Guy, "I thought he was crazy just before the ship went down."

"Why—what did he do?"

Guy described the actions of Gunseyt from the time he appeared at the Burton stateroom and offered his assistance to the time when he was observed in solitary retreat on the sinking ship with the "wireless shoes" and the tennis racket. This account included a short description and history of the "wireless shoes" and Gunseyt's strange interest in them.

"That's funny," said Walter. "No wonder you thought he was crazy. Didn't he act queer on the iceberg?"

"Not exactly, but he proved himself a rascal."

Guy then related the attempted invasion of the Eskimo camp with Gunseyt as leader.

"Who did that London man tell you to express the 'wireless shoes' to?" asked his brother.

"A man named Pickett."

"Pickett!" exclaimed Walter. "Does he live in New York?"

"Yes."

"And his first name—do you remember it? Was it Stanley?"

"How did you know?" demanded the astonished Guy.

"I bet I've got a clew to the mystery," returned Walter eagerly. "Pickett's the name of the man who sat behind you and mother on the train when you left Ferncliffe. Didn't

I tell you his name in one of my letters?"

"No, I don't think you did. I don't remember it."

"I must 'a' forgotten. I intended to. How about the tennis racket—where did he get that, do you suppose?"

"I haven't any idea, unless—"

Guy suddenly became deeply thoughtful.

"Unless what?" his brother asked.

Guy looked at Walter with a composite expression—doubt, surprise, wonder, expectancy.

"Say, Walt, I'm beginning to wake up," he announced. "There's something in this business that looks funnier and funnier the more I think of it. Gunseyt played tennis on the Herculanea, but he didn't have a racket of his own. Anyway, he used one belonging to the ship. But Glennon had one, and it was given to him by the same man that gave me the shoes. Moreover it, was a 'wireles racket'—like the shoes—to put pep in your arm."

"No!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes," Guy insisted. "Come on, I'm going to find Carl Glennon and ask him some questions. We never talked the matter over because we didn't suspect anything; at least I didn't. Now, I've got something in my mind."

"So have I," said Walter; "and everything you say only makes me more certain of it."

The brothers hunted fifteen minutes before they found the young man in a veranda cafe where several passengers were listening to the story he had told "forty-'leven times." Guy interrupted with an apology and informed the narrator that he wished to speak to him. Glennon excused himself and walked away with the two Burtons.

"We're in a puzzle over that fellow Gunseyt," began Guy as they took seats in a farther corner of the room. "We're satisfied that there's something deep in him, and we want to ask you some questions."

"Fire away," said Glennon. "I'm as much interested as you are. In my opinion he's a rascal and ought to be jugged."

"I wanted to ask you about that tennis racket that Smithers gave you. Do you know what became of it?"

"I suppose a mermaid's got it battin' codfish balls over a fish net."

"But suppose the racket was broken before it went down—what then?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Didn't you see Gunseyt near the elevator just before you and Watson and I ran out on the open deck?"

"Was that Gunseyt? I saw a man there."

"And didn't you see him break a racket over his knee?"

"Yes, I did," said Glennon," and I wondered what he was doing that for."

"Well," continued Guy, "now that you know who he was, whose racket do you suppose he had?"

"Why? Did he have mine?"

"That's my guess. Do you know how he got it?"

"I saw him near my stateroom when I ran out to see what was the matter. I left my door open in my hurry, I suppose. I know I didn't lock it."

"That explains it all. Everything's cleared up to my satisfaction."

"But what does all this mean?" inquired the mystified Glennon. "I seem to have run up against a Chinese puzzle."

"It's as simple as A B C, after my wise brother here gave my sleepy head a thump and woke me up," replied Guy. "Mr. Gunseyt is probably a friend of Mr. Smithers of London."

"Yes."

"And also of a Mr. Pickett of New York."

"I don't know him."

"We'll tell you more about him later. But he's also a friend of Everleigh and Little, as we know positively."

"Yes."

"And soon after the Herculanea started,

Gunseyt made the acquaintance of you and me."

"Yes."

"And you and I were acquainted with Mr. Smithers."

"Yes."

"And Mr. Smithers had given you a wireless tennis racket as a present?"

"He did."

"And me a pair of 'wireless shoes' to express to Mr. Pickett at New York."

"Well?"

"And after it was found that the ship was sinking, Mr. Gunseyt got possession of your racket and the shoes."

"Yes, that's all very interesting, but still I don't see the conclusion," said Glennon blankly.

"It's coming," assured Guy. "You and I both saw him break the handle off the racket. I saw something else that I wasn't sure of at the time. But now I'm certain of it. He'd torn the heels off the shoes."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do. And there was a detective, Mr. Watson, on his track all this time."

"My goodness!"

"It's about time for you to get excited. Here's something more to excite you: Let me remind you that Mr. Smithers is a jeweler."

Glennon made a pass with one hand before his eyes as if dazed.

"You don't mean that Smithers and Gunseyt—" he began with a gasp.

"Here comes Watson; let's see what he says about it," interrupted Guy, as he signaled the operative to approach. "I bet he'll say the 'wireless' part of those shoes and that racket was a fake. I don't believe, anyway, that the electro-magnetic current picked up by a wireless receiving instrument is strong enough to have any effect in an induction coil."

"I thought there was something funny in that," Walter remarked.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Why of the "Squeak-Roar Voice."

"Yes, Gunseyt is a smuggler; so is Smithers and so is Pickett. We've been on their trail a long time, but couldn't get the goods on them; and now after they were almost in my grasp, the goods have disappeared."

This mournful statement was made by Watson after Guy had presented his deductions and asked a point-blank question regarding the occupation of the man with the "funny" voice.

"They're smuggling diamonds and Indian rubies into the United States," the operative continued; "and they're big ones at the business. Many of the gems are stolen, too, and it's safer to dispose of them in America. No doubt they've brought over several million dollars' worth, and on this trip they were using you boys to help them at their game to confuse the authorities. The heels of those shoes were filled with gems; so was the handle of the tennis racket."

"One thing I don't understand," said

Glennon, "is why Smithers should have made me a present of that racket. Why didn't he give it to me to give to Pickett the same as he planned to get the shoes into Pickett's hands."

"I never try to explain positively the working of a criminal's mind," replied Watson. "But you can often make a pretty safe guess at it after you've been studying them a while. The smartest of 'em make the most ridiculous mistakes and go to the silliest extremes sometimes to avoid detection."

"And how did Gunseyt expect to get possession of the diamonds again," was Glennon's next question.

"Oh, there were a hundred ways of doing that. He could have stopped at a hotel near your home, kept up an acquaintance with you, borrowed the racket, and returned it minus the stones."

"There's one thing I'd like to find out," said Guy; "and that is, what caused the change in his voice?"

"You'd think," said Glennon, who was something of a musician, "that some mischief had got busy in his voice box and tangled the bass and treble strings together."

"Suppose you ask him," suggested Watson, addressing Guy.

"I'm going to ask him the first chance I

get, and I'm going to look for the chance," announced Guy determinedly.

Half an hour later Guy found an opportunity to speak with Gunseyt. The latter was seated alone in a smoking room, and the boy sauntered up and addressed him familiarly.

"I suppose you'll be glad when this voyage is finished," he said. "It hasn't been full of fun all the time."

"No, it hasn't," replied Gunseyt cheerfully. "But I don't mind, now that the hardships are over. It's been an experience I'll never forget. And among the things I won't forget is the manner in which I was treated on the iceberg."

Guy did not wish to discuss this affair; so he merely remarked that it was "unfortunate" and continued:

"I've got a question to ask you, Mr. Gunseyt, and I hope you won't think it impertinent. It's caused a good deal of talk and we're all curious to know what the answer is."

"Fire away," roared the other with comical explosiveness. "I don't know of any question I'm afraid to hear, but I may not answer this one. I'll either answer it or tell you it's none of your business." The last sentence was finished with a spasmodic high pitch that sounded uncanny to the boy, who returned:

"It isn't any of my business. I come only as a curiosity seeker."

"That's fair enough. I like frank people. What's your question?"

"What caused the change in your voice?"

"Oh, is that all?" laughed Gunseyt. "I'm glad it's so easy to answer. It's caused by an alteration of the acoustics of my mouth."

Guy stared at the man with a puzzled look. He was uncertain whether the fellow was making fun of him.

"That's the truth," assured the other. "My voice has always been the discomfort of my life. For years it branded me as a curiosity wherever I went. I consulted many throat specialists and they informed me that the trouble rested in the roof of my mouth. That's what caused the squeak. An operation, they said, wouldn't do any good. My voice was otherwise naturally heavy.

"Well, one specialist observed that several of my molars had been extracted and suggested a remedy. He said that a plate could be made to hold some false teeth and at the same time alter the acoustics of my mouth in such a manner as to stop the squeak. I consented to the plan, and the plate was made. It was a success.

"When I jumped from the wrecked ship, I got my mouth full of sea water and nearly

strangled. While struggling to catch my breath I coughed the plate out and it sank while my voice rose to a high pitch again. Does that explain the mystery?"

"Perfectly," replied Guy. "Thank you very much. That's an interesting story; I'll tell it to the others and quiet their curiosity."

Guy found his brother and Watson and Glennon again and told them of his interview.

"That may be a straight story," said Watson. "I'm glad to get it. But I wonder he didn't say that the plate in his mouth was a wireless plate."

Walter, Guy, and Glennon laughed at this remark.

"This is a good time for general explanation of mysteries, isn't it?" Guy suggested. "There are several matters I'd like to have you explain, just for entertainment."

"Fire away," said Watson. "I suppose for one thing you'd like to know where I got the key to your stateroom door."

"Then you were the burglar, after all?"

"I was that villain," replied that operative with a smart smile. "I found the key in the door, and watched my opportunity to enter and search the room."

"Then that was all a bluff you put up when you came to our room and called me down," said Guy.

"Pure and simple. I wanted to see what Gunseyt was doing there."

Little of importance occured during the rest of the voyage. They arrived at New York early in the morning two days later and were met at the landing by a throng of men, women and children. Information of the rescue of most of the castaways on the iceberg had been communicated by wireless, and the Burton boys found their father and mother among the foremost in the crowd.

The scene at the landing was pathetic and thrilling. Not only were many relatives and friends of the rescued present, but also numerous relatives and friends of many that perished. Cheers, congratulations, happy faces, hysterical laughter, and sad tearful eyes and subdued, hopeless utterances were heard and seen on every hand. Guy and Walter were hurried to a hotel where their story was listened to eagerly by Mr. and Mrs. Burton.

Then came the newspaper ordeal. It was an odd and enigmatical affair. The reporters were there, at the landing and the hotel, in good numbers; but they were the most unimaginative, unindustrious congregation of press representatives that ever assembled with instructions to "soft pedal" a story. Mr. and Mrs. Burton knew the meaning of their "lazy

manner" and smiled wisely at the disgust of some of the interviewed.

"What does this all mean?" demanded the big red-faced man, who had decreed a conditional extermination for the Carnegie medal dispensers after hearing the story Walter's heroism. "Didn't you cheap, two-by-four pencil pushers bring photographers along to take pictures of that wireless hero?"

The identity of this challenger of the scribes and advance critic of the hero fund trustees was then revealed for the first time to Walter and Guy. He was one Amos Wiltshire of Vermont, a business acquaintance of Mr. Burton's. His last choleric invective was directed at the "sleepy" newspaper reporters at the landing, from which place he accompanied the Burtons to their hotel. There the father of the wireless heroes explained the situation to Mr. Wiltshire and the boys as follows:

"You see the government officials felt that the situation was extremely delicate. There was enough evidence to convince them beyond reasonable doubt that the Herculanea was sunk by a floating German mine. It looked as if the mine was planted over here by a German U-boat before we got into the war, and the authorities were afraid of public wrath if as much publicity were given this affair as

was given the sinking of the Lusitania. We are still nominally at war with Germany, you see, and many believe we ought not to have stopped fighting when we did, but have continued the drive all the way to Berlin. It was feared, at least, that the treaty negotiations would be seriously interfered with by a reawakening of public anger. So it was decided to ask all the newspapers of the country to tone the story down. By common consent, therefore, it was censored, and every paper limited its space for the affair to a few sticks of very mildly worded news.

As for the two Eskimos, a collection was taken for them among the iceberg survivors, and they were sent back to Greenland, each with a large trrunkful of fishing tackle and hunting outfit, on a government vessel patroling the northern seas.

Walter, Guy, Tony and Det went home on the Jetta, while Mr. and Mrs. Burton returned by rail. The water trip required two days, the intervening night being passed at a Massachusetts port.

On the night following their arrival at Ferncliffe, the climax of these adventures of the radio boys was reached. With spirit of romance still very much alive, they decided to sleep on the yacht. Before turning in, Walter and Guy sat at the wireless table and talked

over their experiences for several hours. They even caught some messages from passing ships as Walter had done on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Of course, it was long after boy bed-hours before they were asleep on the two deck house cots.

About midnight Guy awoke. What was the cause of his awakening he did not know, but he soon found reason for keeping his eyes open and his ears sharply attentive. He heard the sound of a footstep on the deck, and glancing through the open doorway he saw the form of a man.

It was moonlight and Guy could distinguish the fellow's features fairly well. One look at his face almost caused the boy to cry out with astonishment. In spite of the fact that the man's goatee and mustache had been removed, Guy recognized the countenance of Mr. Gunseyt.

CHAPTER XXV

The Fog Pirate at the Bobstay

Suddenly Guy was thrilled with a romantic explanation. The diamonds! But where?

Apparently the visitor had no suspicion of the presence of anyone else on the yacht. He did not look into the place where the boys lay. He moved straight ahead as if bound for a certain point and disappeared around the port side of the deck house.

Guy arose and went to his sleeping brother and shook him gently. Walter awoke and sat up.

"Keep still, Walt," whispered Guy. "There's somebody on the boat. It's Gunseyt."

"What!"—also whispered.

"Yes, it is. I just saw him."

"How could you recognize him in the dark?"

"It's moonlight, and he's got ways and actions you couldn't mistake. He's shaved off his mustache and goatee, but I know him anyway."

"What does he want here?"

"The diamonds, I suppose. You know Wat-

son said he'd got rid of them somewhere at sea."

"Hid 'em on this boat?"

"Must 'ave. Watson was asleep. He ought to 'ave guessed the truth."

While this whispered conversation was going on, the boys slipped on their trousers and were soon ready to move silently out on the deck and watch the movements of the midnight visitor. They walked around to starboard of the deck house and to the forward end. Here they stopped. Mr. Gunseyt was in plain view and busy. He was on his knees at the bow, pulling up from the water something attached with a small rope to the bobstay chain. While still engaged in this strange occupation he cast behind him a look of instinctive watchfulness and saw the boys almost as soon they saw him.

With a cry of alarm and rage, the man cut the rope with a knife and sprang to his feet. That voice was the last needed evidence to remove any remaining doubt from Guy's mind as to the fellow's identity. It was the voice of the "fog pirate."

Gunseyt held in one hand a small package, dripping wet. With the other hand he drew a pistol.

The boys now realized that they were in a dangerous position and began to back away,

while the intruder moved toward the wharf. But suddenly there was a second change in the situation. Another man appeared on the scene.

This new arrival also had a pistol. He stepped out of the shadow of the bluff, pointed his weapon at the smuggler, and commanded:

"Drop that gun, or I'll shoot."

A great shudder shook Gunseyt. A gasp escaped his lips, and he dropped his firearm. As it hit the deck the man on the wharf said:

"Pick up his gun, boys, and stand ready to help if he gets ugly."

Walter sprang forward and snatched up the weapon. Then the newcomer stepped aboard and snapped a pair of "bracelets" on the wrists of Gunseyt.

"I'm a secret service man," he announced as he secured the prisoner.

"Did Mr. Watson send you?" Guy inquired.

"Yes."

"Why didn't he come himself?"

"He'd 'ave been recognized, and there'd 'ave been nothing doing. I followed this man from New York. Watson couldn't 'ave done that. By the way, he told me to tell you his name isn't Watson. It's just plain John Smith."

"Our story's finished," said Guy quickly, turning to his brother.

"What story?" the latter inquired blankly.

"What story, you simp! Why, your story and mine. You're the chief hero, and I'm the second. Think of it! Trip to Europe, mysterious man on the train, Pickett—his confederate in London, Smithers—their agent on the steamer, Gunseyt—the detective—the wreck—the iceberg—radio—rescue—and now, the arrest of the leading villian. I'd been wondering if it 'u'd ever be our luck to have this adventure finished so we could be real heroes of a novel."

"If it's ever written," returned Walter dubiously. "And it isn't quite finished, too. There are Smithers and Pickett to be arrested. Suppose they're never caught."

"That doesn't make a particle of difference," declared Guy. "The jewels have been found in the cleverest hiding place—tied to the bobstay—and the most interesting villain is arrested. How do you like that for a compliment, Mr. Gunseyt, 'most interesting villain'?"

But the smuggler was not in appreciative mood. He only snarled.

The secret service man introduced himself as Mr. Hunt. Then he made note of the names of the boys, informed them that they would hear from the department of justice later, and left with the package of smuggled treasure in

one hand and leading his handcuffed prisoner with the other.

* * * * * *

Guy spoke truly when he remarked that his and Walter's story was finished. There were indeed a few odds and ends of the tangles of mysteries to be cleared up, but all this required time and did not come with the rapidity of succeeding melodramatic chapters. Gunseyt was convicted and sent to a federal prison after several months' delay. From some mysterious source he obtained all the money he needed to pay the expenses of his defense, but Walter and Guy were not much puzzled over the mystery. Stanley Pickett also was arrested, but was discharged because of a lack of evidence to convict. However, almost as these words are being written, there comes announcement that he has been taken into custody on another similar charge.

Mr. Smithers is still at large in London, a "respectable jeweler" in Bond street. Artie Fletcher had something to say regarding the gentleman in several letters written to Guy, and as one of those letters is of particular interest at this point, we reproduce it here:

"Dear Guy—When I got your letter telling of the arrest of those two smugglers, I just couldn't rest until I'd sprung it on Smith-

ers. I saw things differently and a lot of explanations flashed before me like a bobby's light in a fog. Smithers had left the hotel, but I went to his store and presented myself to him. He pretended not to know me, but I grinned in his face and said:

" 'Oh, come, now, Mr. Tennis Racket Wireless Shoes, you know me very well. Have you forgot the time you fixed it up with one Gunseyt of the funny voice, him to hold up the young American, Guy Burton, in the fog, so you could jump in sudden with a pistol and save him from being robbed?"

"He turned as pale as a ghost, and I knew I'd hit him where it hurt. But I didn't stop there. I gave him another before he could recover.

" 'Gunseyt and Pickett have both been arrested in America,' " I said.

"You ought to have seen him. I thought he was going to collapse. Then he pulled himself together and flew into a rage and after me. I knew what was best for Artie and cut sticks. He didn't catch me.

"What do you think happened next day? I was discharged at the hotel. I know Smithers did it, although no explanation was given to me.

"But it was the best thing for me that ever happened, and I hope it will prove the worst

for Smithers. I went to a detective agency and told the boss my story. He was interested right away. I found they'd been watching Smithers for somebody over on your side, maybe the government. I told them I wanted to be a detective, hardly expecting it would do me any good; but, Guy, the boss, after a secret confab with somebody else, offered me a job and told me if I made good on this smuggling case, he'd keep me.

"I thought, from the way the chief talked, he was going to make me one of his star 'sick-'em dogs', but he didn't. He gave me only a position as clerk, with a salary four shillings less than I got at the hotel. But I didn't care for salary, just so I had enough to live on. It was just the opportunity for me. And I haven't forgotten, Guy, that I owe a whole lot of it to you.

"They really needed a boy in the office and to run errands, but I soon found out that the reason I got the job was because of what I knew about Smithers. And I'm having some real detective work to do. They're after Smithers hard, but they haven't been able to get the goods on him. I hope before long I'll land him. If I do, you may be sure I'll let you know right away."

THE END

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